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William Shakespeare

HENRY IV PART I

Archibald Young, *Introduction* / Lucy M. Fitzpatrick, *Notes*

MIKE CLARKE

AIRMONT SHAKESPEARE CLASSICS SERIES

HENRY THE FOURTH
Part One

By

William Shakespeare

General Introduction by Dr. David C. Pitt

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GENERAL INTRODUCTION

William Shakespeare: His Life, Times, and Theatre

HIS LIFE

The world's greatest poet and playwright, often called the greatest Englishman, was born in Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwickshire, in the year 1564. The exact date of his birth is uncertain, but an entry in the *Stratford Parish Register* gives his baptismal date as April 26. Since children were usually baptized two or three days after birth, it is reasonable to assume that he was born on or about April 23—an appropriate day, being the feast of St. George, the patron saint of England.

His father, John Shakespeare, was a glover and dealer in wool and farm products, who had moved to Stratford from Snitterfield, four miles distant, some time before 1552. During his early years in Stratford his business prospered, enabling him to acquire substantial property, including several houses, and to take his place among the more considerable citizens of the town. In 1557 he married Mary, daughter of Robert Arden, a wealthy landowner of Wilmcote, not far from Stratford. Two daughters were born to them before William's birth—Joan, baptized in 1558, and Margaret, baptized in 1562—but both died in infancy. William was thus their third child, though the eldest of those who survived infancy. After him were born Gilbert (1566), another Joan (1569), Anne (1571), Richard (1574), and Edmund (1580).

Very little is positively known (though much is conjectured) about Shakespeare's boyhood and education. We know that for some years after William's birth his father's rise in Stratford society and municipal affairs continued. Many local offices came to him in rapid succession: ale-taster, burgess (a kind of constable), assessor of fines, chamberlain (town treasurer), high bailiff (a kind of magistrate), alderman

(town councilor), and chief alderman in 1571. As the son of a man of such eminence in Stratford, Shakespeare undoubtedly attended the local Grammar School. This he was entitled to do free of charge, his father being a town councilor. No records of the school are extant, so that we do not know how good a pupil he was nor what subjects he studied. It is probable that he covered the usual Elizabethan curriculum: an "A B C book," the catechism in Latin and English, Latin grammar, the translation of Latin authors, and perhaps some Greek grammar and translation as well. But family circumstances appear to have curtailed his formal education before it was complete, for shortly before William reached his fourteenth birthday his father's rising fortunes abruptly passed their zenith.

Although we do not know all the facts, it is apparent that about the year 1578, having gone heavily into debt, John Shakespeare lost two large farms inherited by his wife from her father. Thereafter, he was involved in a series of lawsuits, and lost his post on the Stratford town council. Matters got steadily worse for him, until finally in 1586 he was declared a bankrupt. But by this time the future poet-dramatist was already a family man himself.

In 1582, in the midst of his father's legal and financial crises—and perhaps because of them—Shakespeare married Anne, daughter of Richard Hathaway (recently deceased) of the village of Shottery near Stratford. The *Episcopal Register* for the Diocese of Worcester contains their marriage record, dated November 28, 1582; he was then in his eighteenth year and his wife in her twenty-sixth. On May 26 of the following year the *Stratford Parish Register* recorded the baptism of their first child, Susanna; and on February 2, 1585, the baptism of a twin son and daughter named Hamnet and Judith.

These facts are all that are known of Shakespeare's early life. How he supported his family, whether he took up some trade or profession, how long he continued to live in Stratford, we do not know for certain. Tradition and conjecture have bestowed on him many interim occupations between his marriage and his appearance in London in the early fifteen-

nineties: printer, dyer, traveling-player, butcher, soldier, apothecary, thief—it reads like a children's augury-rhyme (when buttons or cherry-stones are read to learn one's fate). Perhaps only the last-named "pursuit" requires some explanation. According to several accounts, one of them appearing in the first *Life* of Shakespeare by Nicholas Rowe (1709), Shakespeare fell into bad company sometime after his marriage, and on several occasions stole deer from the park of Sir Thomas Lucy, a substantial gentleman of Charlecote, near Stratford. According to Rowe:

> For this he was prosecuted by that gentleman, as he thought somewhat too severely; and in order to revenge that ill-usage, he made a ballad upon him . . . and was obliged to leave his business and family in Warwickshire, for some time, and shelter himself in London.

The story has been repeated in varying forms by most subsequent biographers, but its authenticity is doubted by many who repeat it.

Another much more attractive story, which, however, if true, does not necessarily deny the authenticity of Rowe's, is that Shakespeare during the so-called "lost years" was a schoolmaster. This, indeed, appears to be somewhat better substantiated. John Aubrey, seventeenth-century biographer and antiquary, in his *Brief Lives* (1681) declares that he had learned from a theatrical manager, whose father had known Shakespeare, that the dramatist "had been in his younger years a schoolmaster in the country." This may, then, account, in part at least, for the years between his marriage and his arrival in London about the year 1591. It is interesting to note that in two of his early plays Shakespeare includes a schoolmaster among his characters: Holofernes of *Love's Labour's Lost* and Pinch of *The Comedy of Errors*. But let us hope that neither is intended to be Shakespeare's portrait of himself!

However he may have occupied himself in the interim, we know that by 1592 he was already a budding actor and playwright in London. In that year Robert Greene in his auto-

biographical pamphlet *A Groatsworth of Wit*, referring to the young actors and menders of old plays who were, it seemed to him, gaining undeserved glory from the labours of their betters (both by acting their plays and by rewriting them), wrote as follows:

> Yes trust them not: for there is an upstart Crow, beautified with our feathers, that with his Tygers heart wrapt in a Players hyde, supposes he is as well able to bombast out blanke verse as the best of you: and being an absolute *Johannes factotum*, is in his owne conceit the onely Shake-scene in a countrey.

"Shakescene" is clearly Shakespeare. The phrase "upstart Crow" probably refers to his country origins and his lack of university education. "Beautified with our feathers" probably means that he uses the other playwrights' words for his own aggrandisement either in plays in which he acts or in those he writes himself. "Tygers heart wrapt in a Players hyde" is a parody of a line in III *Henry VI*, one of the earliest plays ascribed to Shakespeare. And the Latin phrase *Johannes factotum*, meaning Jack-of-all-trades, suggests that he was at this time engaged in all sorts of theatrical jobs: actor, poet, playwright, and perhaps manager as well.

Greene died shortly after making this scurrilous attack on the young upstart from Stratford, and so escaped the resentment of those he had insulted. But Henry Chettle, himself a minor dramatist, who had prepared Greene's manuscript for the printer, in his *Kind-Harts Dreame* (1592), apologized to Shakespeare for his share in the offence:

> I am as sory as if the original fault had beene my fault, because my selfe have seene his demeanor no lesse civill, than he excelent in the qualitie he professes: Besides, divers of worship have reported his uprightness of dealing, which argues honesty, and his facetious grace in writing, that approoves his Art.

Thus, in very indirect manner and because of an attack upon

him by an irascible dying man, we learn that Shakespeare at this time was in fact held in high regard by "divers of worship," that is, by many of high birth, as an upright, honest young man of pleasant manners and manifest skill as actor, poet, and playwright.

Although Shakespeare by 1593 had written, or written parts of, some five or six plays (I, II, and III *Henry VI*, *Richard III*, *The Comedy of Errors*, and perhaps *Titus Andronicus*), it was as a non-dramatic poet that he first appeared in print. *Venus and Adonis* and *The Rape of Lucrece*, long narrative poems, both bearing Shakespeare's name, were published in 1593 and 1594 respectively. But thereafter for the next twenty years he wrote almost nothing but drama. In his early period, 1591 to 1596, in addition to the plays named above he wrote *Love's Labour's Lost*, *The Taming of the Shrew*, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Richard II*, and *King John*. Then followed his great middle period, 1596 to 1600, during which he wrote both comedies and history-plays: *The Merchant of Venice*, I and II *Henry IV*, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, *Much Ado about Nothing*, *Henry V*, *Julius Caesar*, *As You Like It*, and *Twelfth Night*. The period of his great tragedies and the so-called "dark comedies" followed (1600-1608): *Hamlet*, *Troilus and Cressida*, *All's Well that Ends Well*, *Measure for Measure*, *Othello*, *King Lear*, *Macbeth*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, *Timon of Athens*, and *Coriolanus*. The last phase of his career as dramatist, 1608 to 1613, sometimes called "the period of the romances," produced *Pericles*, *Prince of Tyre*, *Cymbeline*, *The Winter's Tale*, *The Tempest*, parts of *Henry VIII*, and perhaps parts of *The Two Noble Kinsmen*. Many other plays were ascribed to him, but it is doubtful that he had a hand in any but those we have named. Long before his death in 1616 his name held such magic for the public that merely to print it on the title page of any play assured its popular acclaim. The "upstart Crow" had come a long way since 1592.

He had come a long way too from the economic straits that may well have driven him to London many years before. We know, for example, from the records of tax assessments

that by 1596 Shakespeare was already fairly well-to-do. This is further borne out by his purchasing in the following year a substantial house known as New Place and an acre of land in Stratford for £60, a sizable sum in those days. In 1602 he made a further purchase of 107 acres at Stratford for £320, and a cottage and more land behind his estate at New Place. But his life during this time was not quite unclouded. His only son, Hamnet, died in 1596 at the age of eleven years, his father in 1601, and his mother in 1608. All three were buried in Stratford. More happily he saw, in 1607, the marriage of his daughter Susanna to Dr. John Hall, an eminent physician of Stratford, and, in the following year, the baptism of his granddaughter, Elizabeth Hall.

Shakespeare's retirement to Stratford appears to have been gradual, but by 1613, if not earlier, he seems to have settled there, though he still went up to London occasionally. Of the last months of his life we know little. We do know that in February, 1616, his second daughter, Judith, married Thomas Quiney. We know that on March 25, apparently already ill, Shakespeare revised and signed his will, among other bequests leaving to his wife his "second best bed with the furniture." A month later he was dead, dying on his fifty-second birthday, April 23, 1616. He was buried in the chancel of Holy Trinity Church, Stratford, on April 26.

HIS TIMES

Shakespeare lived during the English Renaissance, that age of transition that links the Mediaeval and the Modern world. Inheriting the rich traditions of the Middle Ages in art, learning, religion, and politics, rediscovering the great legacies of classical culture, the men of the Renaissance went on to new and magnificent achievements in every phase of human endeavour. No other period in history saw such varied and prolific development and expansion. And the reign of Elizabeth I (1558-1603), Shakespeare's age, was the High Renaissance in England.

Development and expansion—these are the watchwords of the age, and they apply to every aspect of life, thought, and

activity. The universe grew in immensity as men gradually abandoned the old Ptolemaic view of a finite, earth-centered universe, accepting the enormous intellectual challenge of the illimitable cosmos of Copernicus's theory and Galileo's telescope. The earth enlarged, too, as more of its surface was discovered and charted by explorers following the lead of Columbus, Cabot, Magellan, and Vespucci. England itself expanded as explorers and colonizers, such as Frobisher, Davis, Gilbert, Raleigh, Grenville, Drake, and others, carried the English flag into many distant lands and seas; as English trade and commerce expanded with the opening of new markets and new sources of supply; as English sea power grew to protect the trading routes and fend off rivals, particularly Spain, the defeat of whose Invincible Armada in 1588 greatly advanced English national pride at home, and power and prestige abroad.

The world of ideas changed and expanded, too. The rediscovery and reinterpretation of the classics, with their broad and humane view of life, gave a new direction and impetus to secular education. During the Middle Ages theology had dominated education, but now the language, literature, and philosophy of the ancient world, the practical arts of grammar, logic, and rhetoric, and training in morals, manners, and gymnastics assumed the major roles in both school and university—in other words, an education that fitted one for life in the world here and now replaced one that looked rather to the life hereafter. Not that the spiritual culture of man was neglected. Indeed, it took on a new significance, for as life in this world acquired new meaning and value, religion assumed new functions, and new vitality to perform them, as the bond between the Creator and a new kind of creation.

It was, of course, the old creation—man and nature—but it was undergoing great changes. Some of these we have already seen, but the greatest was in man's conception of himself and his place in nature. The Mediaeval view of man was generally not an exalted one. It saw him as more or less depraved, fallen from Grace as a result of Adam's sin; and the things of this world, which was also "fallen," as of

little value in terms of his salvation. Natural life was thought of mainly as a preparation for man's entry into Eternity. But Renaissance thought soon began to rehabilitate man, nature, and the things of this life. Without denying man's need for Grace and the value of the means of salvation provided by the Church, men came gradually to accept the idea that there were "goods", values, "innocent delights" to be had in the world here and now, and that God had given them for man to enjoy. Man himself was seen no longer as wholly vile and depraved, incapable even of desiring goodness, but rather as Shakespeare saw him in *Hamlet*:

> What a piece of work is man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals!

And this is the conception of man that permeates Elizabethan thought and literature. It does not mean that man is incorruptible, immune to moral weakness and folly. Shakespeare has his villains, cowards, and fools. But man is none of these by nature; they are distortions of the true form of man. Nature framed him for greatness, endowed him with vast capacities for knowledge, achievement, and delight, and with aspirations that may take him to the stars. "O brave new world, That has such people in 't!"

The chief object of man's aspiring mind is now the natural world, whose "wondrous architecture," says Marlowe's Tamburlaine, our souls strive ceaselessly to comprehend, "Still climbing after knowledge infinite." Hamlet, too, speaks of "this goodly frame, the earth . . . this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire." No longer the ruins of a fallen paradise and the devil's, nature is seen as man's to possess, her beauty and wonder to be sought after and enjoyed, her energies to be controlled and used—as Bacon expressed it, "for the glory of the Creator and the relief of man's estate."

It was, indeed, a very stirring time to be alive in. New vistas were breaking upon the human mind and imagination

everywhere. It was a time like spring, when promise, opportunity, challenge and growth appeared where none had been dreamed of before. Perhaps this is why there is so much poetry of springtime in the age of Shakespeare.

HIS THEATRE

There were many theatres, or playhouses, in Shakespeare's London. The first was built in 1576 by James Burbage and was called the *Theatre*. It was built like an arena, with a movable platform at one end, and had no seats in the pit, but had benches in the galleries that surrounded it. It was built of wood, and cost about £200. Other famous playhouses of Shakespeare's time, for the most part similarly constructed, included the Curtain, the Bull, the Rose, the Swan, the Fortune, and, most famous of them all, the Globe. It was built in 1599 by the sons of James Burbage, and it was here that most of Shakespeare's plays were performed. Since more is known about the Globe than most of the others, I shall use it as the basis of the brief account that follows of the Elizabethan playhouse.

As its name suggests the Globe was a circular structure (the second Globe, built in 1614 after the first burned down, was octagonal), and was open to the sky, somewhat like a modern football or baseball stadium, though much smaller. It had three tiers of galleries surrounding the central "yard" or pit, and a narrow roof over the top gallery. But most interesting from our viewpoint was the stage—or rather *stages* —which was very different from that of most modern theatres. These have the familiar "picture-frame" stage: a raised platform at one end of the auditorium, framed by curtains and footlights, and viewed only from the front like a picture. Shakespeare's stage was very different.

The main stage, or *apron* as it was called, jutted well out into the pit, and did not extend all the way across from side to side. There was an area on either side for patrons to sit or stand in, so that actors performing on the apron could be viewed from three sides instead of one. In addition there was an inner stage, a narrow rectangular recess let into the wall

behind the main stage. When not in use it could be closed by a curtain drawn across in front; when open it could be used for interior scenes, arbor scenes, tomb and anteroom scenes and the like. On either side of this inner stage were doors through which the main stage was entered. Besides the inner and outer stages there were no fewer than four other areas where the action of the play, or parts of it, might be performed. Immediately above the inner stage, and corresponding to it in size and shape, was another room with its front exposed. This was the upper stage, and was used for upstairs scenes, or for storage when not otherwise in use. In front of this was a narrow railed gallery, which could be used for balcony scenes, or ones requiring the walls of a castle or the ramparts of a fortress. On either side of it and on the same level was a window-stage, so-called because it consisted of a small balcony enclosed by windows that opened on hinges. This permitted actors to stand inside and speak from the open windows to others on the main stage below. In all it was a very versatile multiple stage and gave the dramatist and producer much more freedom in staging than most modern theatres afford. It is interesting to note that some of the new theatres today have revived certain of the features of the Elizabethan stage.

Very little in the way of scenery and backdrops was used. The dramatist's words and the imagination of the audience supplied the lack of scenery. No special lighting effects were possible since plays were performed in the daylight that streamed in through the unroofed top of the three-tiered enclosure that was the playhouse. Usually a few standard stage-props were on hand: trestles and boards to form a table, benches and chairs, flagons, an altar, artificial trees, weapons, a man's severed head, and a few other items. Costumes were usually elaborate and gorgeous, though no attempt was made to reproduce the dress of the time and place portrayed in the play.

Play production in Shakespeare's time was clearly very different from that of ours, but we need have no doubts about the audience's response to what they saw and heard onstage. They came, they saw, and the dramatist conquered, for they

kept coming back for more and more. And despite the opposition that the theatre encountered from Puritans and others, who thought it the instrument of Satan, the theatre in Shakespeare's time flourished as one of the supreme glories of a glorious age.

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INTRODUCTION TO
HENRY IV, Part One

The play generally known as *Henry IV*, Part I was probably written and acted sometime between 1596 and 1597. It was first printed in 1598 as *The History of Henry the Fourth; with the Battle of Shrewsbury*. The descriptive term "History," found in this title, recurs in the First Folio of 1623, the earliest collected edition of Shakespeare's work. In that volume, the drama appeared in a section titled "Histories," as distinct from other plays which were classed either as "Tragedies" or "Comedies." But the classification which Shakespeare and his contemporaries used so frequently has presented certain difficulties to modern readers, for whom the word "history" implies an objective account of authentic events, and for whom a theatrical creation suggests a purely imaginative invention. If one is to understand a play like *Henry IV*, Part I, it may be very helpful, therefore, to recover something of the renaissance point of view regarding the relationship between the subject matter on which this play is based and the dramatic form in which it has been cast.

The word "history" is derived from Latin *historia*, which means not only a chronicle of past events, but any narrative, whether factual or imaginative. The ambiguity of this word passed from Latin into English so that, in the Induction to *The Taming of the Shrew*, Shakespeare can have his characters say

> Your honour's players . . .
> Are come to play a pleasant comedy . . .
> It is a kind of history

and so imply that a history is not necessarily true in any narrow sense, but may be a fabrication, something made of imaginative rather than factual meanings, like a comedy, a tragedy, or any other story. In fact, the word "story" itself is derived from the same root.

At the same time, however, the word "history" always included that other meaning which associated it with an authentic record of events. Moreover, if one can judge from Shakespeare's habit of constructing these plays upon the basis of the historical records available to him, it would seem that this sense of the word had considerable importance for him. In the case of *Henry IV*, Part I, it is difficult to identify all such records, but they definitely include Holinshed's *Chronicles*, *The Mirror for Magistrates*, Stowe's *Annales*, an anonymous drama called *The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth*, and *The Civil Wars of England* by Samuel Daniel. In the care with which these sources were consulted, Shakespeare showed himself like most renaissance historians who, newly interested in scholarly accuracy, attempted to recover and preserve a genuine account of their country's past.

The reconciliation of the two meanings of history sketched above presented Shakespeare and the renaissance chroniclers with a perennial problem historians of every era must come to terms with. Its fundamentally philosophical nature is recognized by R. G. Collingwood, who notes how unlike scientific procedure historical recording inevitably is:

> When a scientist asks "Why did that piece of litmus paper turn pink?" he means "On what kinds of occasion do pieces of litmus paper turn pink?" When an historian asks "Why did Brutus stab Caesar?" he means "What did Brutus think which made him decide to stab Caesar?" The cause of the event, for him, means the thought in the mind of the person by whose agency the event came about: and this is not something other than the event, it is inside the event itself . . . Therefore . . . the processes of history . . . are processes of actions which have an inner side, consisting of thought; and what the historian is looking for is these processes of thought.
>
> (*The Idea of History*, 1946, pp. 214-15)

But how are these processes of thought discovered? In dealing with this problem, the whole conception of the relationship between historical form and subject matter is defined. Samuel Daniel may serve as a useful spokesman for the point

of view of the renaissance historian. In speaking of his history of *The Civil Wars of England*, he makes it quite clear that the writing of his history is a creative task and not a simple matter of recording what some person thought on a given occasion. The whole process, in Daniel's view, seems to involve imaginative judgments and evaluations from the historian's particular point of view. "I have," he explains, "used that poetical license of framing speeches to the persons of men according to their occasions . . . yet seeing they hold so just a proportion with the nature of men, and the court of affairs, they pass as the parts of the actor (not the writer) . . . And although many of these images are drawn with the pencil of mine own conceiving, yet I know they are according to the portraiture of Nature . . . And all these great actions are openly presented on the Stage of the World, where there are ever spectators who will judge and censure how men personate those parts . . . and so enter them in the Record of Memory."

When Daniel speaks of men as actors who play out their lives upon a stage that is the world, he stresses the fundamental relationship between imaginative invention and "the record of memory." The popular renaissance belief in such a relationship lay in the conviction that history was "the portraiture of Nature" or finally, since the Christian tradition looked upon Nature in these terms, as the Word of God. The imaginative patterns created by the historian-dramatist were, therefore, nothing but a clearer divination and presentation of the art of history's divine Creator, whose thought gave inner shape and significance to the external events of time and place. Some knowledge of these conceptions in the Christian tradition is, therefore, a prerequisite for understanding the renaissance historian's art.

To take the first of Daniel's metaphors, Christianity has traditionally spoken of the world or the state as a theatre where the passing events of earthly history are enacted, because it is aware of a different and divine state that is a "real" and unchanging ideal.

Shakespeare himself uses the opposition between these two states in some very important ways. Readers who come

to *Henry IV*, Part I from *Richard II* will remember the moving description of an ideal England recalled by John of Gaunt, the nation's elder statesman. Such an England was another Eden, a hallowed cell of pastoral beneficence and natural innocence, a place where glory and honor had true inner meaning and spiritual authority, a state which offered, in the words of the prophet, "whatsoever is lawfully desired of men: life, health, food, abundance, glory, honour, peace and all good things."

The state inherited by John of Gaunt's son, the theatre of our play, is a very different place, and Henry IV's opening lines emphasize its exhausted bondage to the progress of worldly events:

> So shaken as we are, so wan with care,
> Find we a time for frighted peace to pant
> And breathe short-winded accents of new broils
> To be commenced in stronds afar remote.
>
> (I, 1)

Time and history have brought this England into a condition of social chaos and civil war. Right order is confused there, so that glory has become mere worldly pomp, and honor a shadow without substance, a name devoid of inner meaning. Such a state is ruled by another law than God's, one that Gaunt associates with the "rotten parchment bonds" of mortal men, a law whose basis is not the eternal promises of God, but the legal deceptions of political predators:

> This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,
> Dear for her reputation through the world,
> Is now leased out—I die pronouncing it—
> Like to a tenement or pelting farm.
>
> (*Richard II*, II, i)

But different as such ideal and earthly states are, they are not unrelated. For, if earthly states suffer disorder and war, these things cannot be regarded as their end. Thus, in his great treatise on the subject, St. Augustine suggests that earthly states wage war, not for the sâke of war, but for the sake of peace. When they do battle they hope, not that there

will be no peace, but that they will find thereby the state of ideal peace they hope for (*The City of God*, XIX, 12, 1). It is in this sense that the passage of history, which initially separates the earthly from the ideal, may be seen in terms of some totally unified performance, progressing in a great cycle, away from and then toward the reconciliation of the two states. That is why Henry, who began his reign by rebelling against the divinely sanctioned kingship of Richard II's state and usurping the external symbols of power from him, looks upon himself not only as a ruler filling the worldly position he has won for a certain space of time, but as a man in progress, one taking the part of a pilgrim and making his way toward an ideal country where the inner meaning of his kingship and his kingdom will be fulfilled. It is this conception which prompts him to propose, as one of his first royal acts, a crusade to the Holy Land,

> As far as to the sepulcher of Christ—
> Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross
> We are impressed and engaged to fight . . .
> (1, 1)

But hardly is this purpose affirmed before political affairs force its postponement, and Henry turns disconsolately to his rôle as a captain of worldly conflicts and wars: "for this cause awhile we must neglect/ Our holy purpose to Jerusalem" (1, 1). The world of holiness and ideality is not, in fact, a real end in the affairs of Henry's state at all. It is simply an alternative, unrelated to the practical problems of his kingdom's political life. When that political life makes its inevitable demands upon him, such ideal conceptions must be set aside. Thus, years later, as Henry prepares to die in the Jerusalem Chamber of his own palace, he looks back upon his reign and comments bitterly upon his unchanged position:

> It hath been prophesied to me many years,
> I should not die but in Jerusalem;
> Which vainly I supposed the Holy Land:—
> But bear me to that chamber; there I'll lie;
> In that Jerusalem shall Harry die.
> (*Henry IV*, Part II, IV, iv)

The failure to reconcile the world of inner spiritual meanings with the theatre of earthly affairs is a singularly important one for this play. Henry failed in this matter because he never understod that, as a king, he had simultaneously to play many parts, and that as a true pilgrim he had in some sense to be a good captain as well, or what he called a soldier of Christ. As Erasmus pointed out in a renaissance handbook, the pilgrim's road to the ideal state lay through the faithful performance of the rôle each man has sworn to play. Moreover, in this world, every rôle is a difficult and dangerous one. Every pilgrim must also, therefore, be a soldier of Christ, prepared to engage in

> a formidable and taxing warfare . . . for there is no other condition of peace with God except that we wage war upon our fallen state . . . Do you not know, you soldier of Christ, that the divine state is promised only to him who fights valiantly?" (*The Education of a Christian Soldier*, ch. II)

Failing to comprehend this commonplace, Henry dies reflecting on the confusion in the worldly theatre, on his own bewildered performance and unfulfilled itinerary, and on the burdensome legacy he will leave his son Prince Hal, the hero of our play:

> God knows, my son,
> By what by-paths and indirect crookt ways
> I met this crown, and I myself know well
> How troublesome it sat upon my head . . .
> . . . all my reign hath been but as a scene
> Acting that argument: and now my death
> Changes the mood . . .
> . . . Therefore, my Harry,
> Be it thy course . . .
> (*Henry IV*, Part II, IV, iv)

In an important sense, therefore, *Henry IV*, Part I is a play about a prince's education to the double responsibilities, both

spiritual and temporal, which he must meet upon the "king's highway." The ultimate fulfillment of them lies outside this play: in the final act of *Henry V*, where England and her hero-king undergo the travail and triumph of pilgrimage and battle on the plains of France. There, at Agincourt, the worldly state is finally restored to true peace, honor, and glory, and the eternal drama of Christian society is traced again, from birth, through decay, to restoration.

In the sixteenth century Sir Philip Sidney suggested that the basis of renaissance education lay in an encyclopaedic trivium of history, art, and philosophy. Prince Hal's lessons, incorporating the learning of both this and the ideal world, embraced all these disciplines. Moreover, when properly directed, each one, like the world it described, was related to the others: a true understanding of a cyclical historical design, such as the one sketched above, necessitates a certain order of obligations for men; in other words, a moral philosophy. Thus, the educated historical imagination awakened the reason to an ideal conception of society which, though lost in the past, retained a figurative life in the memory. If a man chose to, he could direct his will toward the recovery of that ideal and so, in some sense, anticipate it. Thus Warwick reminds Henry:

> There is a history in all men's lives,
> Figuring the nature of the times deceased;
> The which observed, a man may prophesy,
> With a near aim, of the main chance of things
> As yet not come to life . . .

to which Henry replies,

> Are these things, then, necessities?
> Then let us meet them like necessities;—
> And that same word even now cries out on us.
> (*Henry IV*, Part II, III, ii)

The "necessities" are obligations or laws, and were capable of much wider interpretation than the speaker intends here. To

begin with, they might refer, first to the will of God, whose Word is the "necessity" of "eternal law" that commands the worldly stage he created. But in man, God made a free actor who is, therefore, also dependent upon his own will. Ideally, this faculty is directed by man's inner and moral nature, and therefore, by the promise to fulfill the rôle demanded of him by eternal law. This promise is the "necessity" of principle or conscience which the renaissance called "natural law" or the "law of right reason." Finally, since man broke this promise and was separated from the grace of an ideal natural state under God, he is subject to the "necessities" of time, change, and mortal existence in the theatre of a fallen state. Though man is not properly of this state, he must live in it. The "necessity" of doing so is reflected in temporal or "positive law" and in the requirements of practical policy. Properly, these constraints are derived from natural law and the responsibility for directing the worldly theatre toward its proper spiritual end. But the conception of natural law belongs to an ideal state which, in man's present life, exists only in the imagination, where it is remembered or anticipated. In Christian philosophy, then, and in Hal's education, the problem concerning these laws lay not only in recognizing such obvious differences, but also in overcoming them and reconciling the laws of the earthly state with those of the spiritual world.

For Hal, as for the renaissance mind generally, the problem was further complicated, since not all renaissance political philosophers and educators were agreed upon the way of discriminating and adjusting these necessities. For instance, Jean Bodin, the great sixteenth century philosopher of history and law, claimed a clear distinction between "natural" and "temporal" law. The former grows from the unchanging will of God and teaches what men ought to be; the latter grows from the changing wills of men and acknowledges what they actually are. Bodin's distinction is interesting because it records a renaissance sense of the difference between spiritual meanings and political obligations that is very unlike the Christian conception. That distinction is nowhere more brilliantly asserted than in the writings of Niccolò Machiavelli, an Italian philosopher of the same period, whose most famous treatise deals with the education of a prince. Machiavelli scorned the mor-

alist's preoccupation with spiritual meanings and divine laws which were supposed to lie behind temporal law and policy. These, he felt, were only instruments for exploiting the religious fears of those who must be ruled. Although a prince must, therefore, seem to be good, Machiavelli believed that the real necessities underlying successful political conduct were cunning deceit, ruthless calculation, and a shameless willingness to exploit such talents, disregarding all others. This worldly and practical way of looking at a prince's responsibilities was not at all a denial that the state was a theatre, but a conviction that what lay behind the play was a reality of a different and more savage order than the spiritual conceptions of the Christian tradition. For Machiavelli, that reality is a cruel contest for power in a world of animal appetites. Here, for instance, are a few sentences from the famous eighteenth chapter of *The Prince*, "In What Way Princes Must Keep Faith":

> A prudent ruler ought not to keep faith when by so doing it would be against his interest . . . Nor have legal grounds ever failed a prince who wished to show colourable excuse for the non-fulfillment of promise.

or:

> You must know, then, that there are two methods of fighting, the one by law, the other by force: the first method is that of men, the second of animals; but as the first method is often insufficient, one must have recourse to the second. It is therefore necessary for a prince to know well how to use both the animal and the man.

or:

> Those that have been able to imitate the fox have succeeded best. But it is necessary to be able to disguise this character well and to be a great feigner and dissembler.

Machiavelli's thought exercised a profound influence upon the imagination of Renaissance England, an influence Shake-

speare shared in. The debt is obvious in *Henry IV*, Part I, which is no simple chronicle of Hal's royal education, but a presentation of different conceptions of the political rôles and legal necessities in which a prince must be schooled. These conceptions are represented by various individuals whose outlooks and behaviors clash dramatically when considered individually. But when considered together they contain the elements of the totally unified political consciousness necessary for the prince whose duty it will be to restore the state to ideal peace and harmony. Hal's education, therefore, is a process of studying, sifting, and blending these attitudes into a single and effective political conception.

The Machiavellian mode is, in many important ways, that of Hal's parental mentor, Henry IV. Even as he declares his personal desire for a progress to the Holy Land, one can detect, in the intricate rhetoric of his pronouncements, and in the skillful management of Westmoreland's dramatic rehearsal of the news that will frustrate the royal enterprise, the suggestion of a carefully prepared act performed for its public effect. This suggestion is confirmed for us much later when, during his final interview with Hal, Henry declares he had intended

> To lead out many to the Holy Land,
> Lest rest and lying still might make them look
> Too near unto my state.
> (*Henry IV*, Part II, IV, iv)

The rôle of the pilgrim undertaking a spiritual obligation was, it seems, a shrewd pretense, feigned for its worldly advantage. Henry's behavior in fact, is always a matter of pretense, "something for the manner's sake," which must be clearly distinguished from any standard of inner meaning or moral conscience. His word, which is his law, is, therefore, suspected from the first, and remains a theme of political contention throughout the play:

> It is not possible, it cannot be,
> The king should keep his word in loving us;

He will suspect us still, and find a time
To punish this offence in other faults.
(V, ii)

Henry, the speaker understands, interprets the law as he will because he is faithful to nothing beyond his own self-interest. "Cold and temperate, Unapt to stir" (I, iii), he rarely responds to those inner worlds of principle and spiritual obligation which could kindle the imagination to a sense of ideal and immutable law, binding upon all actors in the political theatre, including the king. Although he appeals to a disinterested order of reason in justifying his legal and political behavior, it is not "right reason" but something akin to Machiavellian cunning. Lacking any loyalty larger than himself, therefore, his actions are inevitably limited to a kind of predatory oppression that turns both him and his subjects into beasts, preying and being preyed upon out of a general appetite for political power. Thus, says Worcester in a parable that applies equally well to the treachery of king and rebels:

treason is but trusted like the fox,
Who, ne'er so tame, so cherisht, and lockt up,
Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.
(V, ii)

These, then, are the political principles the King recommends in two important lectures to his son (*Henry IV*, Part I, III, ii; Part II, IV, iv). Anxious lest Hal's warm and impulsive nature mislead him in his public duty, Henry advises the prince to imitate his own cold and detached behavior. This, it seems, is essential if one is to accurately estimate one's political environment with any shrewdness or candor; moreover, it permits the kind of impartiality and hardness essential to the successful lawgiver; finally, it is the very basis of that detachment which permits the clever statesman to suit his behavior and his appearance to the demands of the occasion and so play a more effective public rôle. But as we follow the king's long discourses it becomes increasingly clear that the criterion of such effectiveness is the mere worldly or political success of retaining the crown. That is because

Henry's public rôle is, ironically, never touched by a concept of self-interest that extends to any standards of private or personal achievement. He seems, in fact, incapable of understanding the purely imaginative world of conscience and principle associated with the part of the Christian pilgrim whose obligations he so early sets aside. His concept of power and his rôle as soldier of Christ are, then, superficial because they lack the inner and spiritual authority that bestows personal honor as well as public reputation upon its holder.

Hal's response to Henry's lectures, therefore, remains equivocal. Although he acknowledges the political necessity of shrewdness, impartiality, and even deception fundamental to his father's possession of the crown, he refuses to be bound by the limitations of Henry's purely public rôle and worldly end in wearing it. Thus, in his final interview with the king, he says of that royal symbol:

> My gracious liege,
> You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;
> Then plain and right must my possession be:
> Which I with more than with a common pain
> 'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.
> (*Henry IV*, Part II, IV, iv)

The key word here is "rightfully," for righteousness is synonymous with the law of nature or right reason and resides not in the mere worldly possession of a thing but in its use as an instrument of spiritual fulfillment. Therefore, only by faithfully dedicating his statesmanship to some idea larger than Henry's narrow sense of self-interested legality, to something "much better than my word" (I, ii), can this future king, in his public rôle, erase personal dishonor and so "be more myself" (III, ii).

In certain important ways Hal learns to be more himself only when he escapes the dispassionate and cold officialdom of Henry's court and enters the world of Sir John Falstaff. But the prince's response in his new school is a complex one, for in more than his fatness Falstaff is a many-sided counselor. Thus he embodies those very temptations against public re-

sponsibility and virtuous behavior which Henry warns Hal he must forgo in fulfilling his public rôle; but in the exuberant playfulness and comic exaggeration Falstaff brings to his part, he also transcends such obvious limitations and through them makes a serious plea for those qualities which Henry's attitude, with all its regard for political proprieties and public effects, threatens to extinguish: personal warmth and imaginative vitality. Almost his first words, then, constitute a subtle defense of those other characters and characteristics of the body politic the king's part ideally is sworn to include, but which, he implies, Henry has betrayed. Accordingly he appeals to Hal to enlarge his rôle and his affections, and abjure the grim use of temporal law such as that to which men are now subject:

> I prithee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king? and resolution thus fobb'd as it is with the rusty curb of old father antick the law?
>
> (I, ii)

Catching Falstaff's mood, the Prince replies affectionately; but though this should be enough to reassure the old man of justice, Hal must make it quite clear that there *will* be gallows in his England, for if wise words go unregarded, temporal law and forcible correction become the necessary instruments of the state's amendment.

This early exchange is interesting because it indicates that Falstaff, like all men, has a double life lived under two laws: a physical life lived under the law of political fact and worldly necessity by whose standards he must be condemned, and under the shadow of whose punishment he must live all the days of his life; and an imaginative life, lived under a law that is the free creation of his comic spirit, and within which he achieves his own personal fulfillment.

As in Henry's case, Falstaff finds the two laws irreconcilable, though king and clown seem to have placed their standards at different poles. Lying, thus, directly opposite the political world, Falstaff becomes an admirable vehicle for comment upon its theories and values, sometimes through direct statement, and sometimes through parody. Consequently, almost

everything he says and does mocks, in some fashion, what he takes to be the pretense and hypocrisies of court life. Even his essential act, the robbing of pilgrims and public, while it is a manifestation of his own corrupt and lawless life, is also a parody of Henry's more subtle but equally subversive "preying upon the commonwealth." (II, i).

Hal's education in all this lies, certainly, in discovering the value of Falstaff's private point of view, but to the extent that he undertakes a political responsibility toward society, he also repudiates his counselor's excesses. Thus, he regards his initiation into the part of robber with a mixed attitude: it is on the one hand an escape from the political tendency to live for public effect and inspires the Prince with a refreshing frankness and exuberant warmth. But throughout the episode Hal is also the detached critic and realist, remaining at the edge of events he carefully turns into a play which, he hopes, will expose Falstaff's imaginative inventions and discover the gross and worldly appetities they serve. Falstaff, however, refuses to be bound by the cold facts Hal seeks to impose upon him. For him, the sordid combat he has been involved in becomes, as he re-lives it in the imagination, an heroic battle and an ideal fulfillment. In his ability to thus transcend the limitations of worldly necessities, Falstaff, here and elsewhere, compares himself to a Christian idealist, private penitent and psalm-singer. But such wittily assumed rôles and motives, like those of Henry, do not represent a genuine desire to live at liberty in a morally better world as much as a license to practice his unbridled appetites and willfulness in this one. His word and his life are therefore false by any measure. Their exposure, however, requires an increasingly determined and narrow moral emphasis, revealed in the energy of the epithets Hal finally hurls at Falstaff: "clay-brained guts . . . obscene greasy Tallow-catch . . . huge hill of flesh." Such terms stress Falstaff's worldly corruption, but they are only preliminaries to the most significant charge of all: that of cowardice. Hal realizes that Falstaff's physical grossness is but an outward and visible sign of his inner and spiritual lethargy. Thus, though he is "fallen away vilely" (III, iii), he is incapable of fighting toward any better end, even to the recovery of his own freedom and honor: "Have

you got any levers to lift me up again, being down?" (II, ii), he asks the Prince helplessly. When he pleads with Hal not to reject him or his counsel, the Prince can give but one answer: "I do, I will" (II, iv), for as a future king, Hal *must* remember ends and his promise to fight "with more than with a common pain" to restore the fallen world to a state under whose law all true men shall unite according to their desire. Until that time "We must all to the wars," and only then "thy place shall be honourable." (II, iv).

But Hal will need to see more of his Eastcheap advisor before his education is complete, for Falstaff's ability to turn the world into a play, and his own part into an entertainment in which worldly necessities are less significant than imaginative fulfillment, offers the prince a model for his own political behavior. Moreover, the warmth and affection with which the old man plays his part are essential for Hal if the demands of his public office are not to extinguish the love and humanity essential to political virtue.

The last pattern or measure in Hal's course of instruction is a man who is everything that Falstaff is not: a valiant soldier with a public reputation, Hotspur is the individual Henry advises his son to emulate (III, ii). In some sense, this is not surprising, for in his quest for worldly glory, Hotspur is, through the soldier's rôle, a rival for the king's own worldly part and a standard for his conception of public success:

> the theme of honor's tongue . . .
> Who is sweet Fortune's minion and her pride.
> (I, i)

But, ironically, Hotspur is also one of the least political men in the play. He feels nothing but disgust for the self-seeking and calculated rôles politicians play, and hates the language of policy and deception they speak. Of Henry, he explains:

> Why, what a candy deal of courtesy
> This fawning greyhound then did proffer me! . . .
> O! the devil take such cozeners!
> (I, iii)

Thus, although he is himself histrionic in the extreme, he insists that he is an unpretentious man who gives expression to private convictions regardless of mere worldly consideration.

> By God, I cannot flatter; I defy
> The tongues of soothers . . .
> (IV, i)

he says to Douglas, and then goes on to boast that in everything he does he is careful to be as good as his word. But ironically in this too, though free of the meaner forms of political self-seeking, Hotspur is guilty of vainglory and egoism, for he disregards every personal responsibility beyond public acclaim for his military renown.

Such contradictions as these are fundamental to an understanding of Hotspur. They arise because he is devoid of that knowledge which would allow him to distinguish between that level of his life concerned with private principle and that level concerned with public behavior. Thus, although ruled by an inner desire to achieve something nobler and more stable than worldly life seems to allow (V, ii), he can imagine no loyalty larger than his own earthly titles, and, in consequence, succumbs to their limitations.

We can observe the whole process of this in I, iii. With little sense of the principles involved in the political theatre, Hotspur, the man of action, can only wait to be set in motion by the other worldly actors who surround him. First Henry successfully provokes his defiance and rebellion by disgracing his chivalric code. Then Worcester, along with Northumberland, the King's real prey, shrewdly exploits him by touching on a matter of "heroic endeavour," something

> deep and dangerous;
> As full of peril and adventurous spirit
> As to o'er walk a current roaring load
> On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

The dare to adventure prompts an immediate response:

> By heaven, methink it were an easy leap,
> To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon.

But despite Hotspur's ideal and imaginative figures, his honor or principle is, in fact, invested in the mere rhetorical figures of the deceitful Worcester, whose "great exploit" is a rebel plot and whose "matter deep" is a political shift. Satisfied with the confusion, Worcester remarks cynically:

> He apprehends a world of figures here,
> But not the form of what he should attend.

Hotspur's actions then, and his whole conception of honor, can only end in the inevitable ruin of the worldly objectives he is bound to. Vaguely anticipating this as his earthly part draws closer to its conclusion, his language takes on a tone of intoxicated futility and he repeatedly emphasizes his subjection to the grim necessities of time and mortal life: "Doomsday is near; die all, die merrily" (IV, i). Under Hal's sword, he again affirms the value of honor and principles above "brittle life" but still confuses them with worldly titles. His thoughts are thus

> the slave of life, and life time's fool;
> And time, that takes survey of all the world,
> Must have a stop. O, I could prophesy,
> But that the earthly and cold hand of death
> Lies on my tongue:—no, Percy, thou art dust,
> And food for—
>
> (V, iv)

"For worms, brave Percy," adds the Prince. The irony in this remark is a measure of Hal's detachment from his victim, for although he aspires to Hotspur's worldly titles and public renown, and goes on to eulogize the soldier's willingness to undertake battle, it is evident that he does not credit other aspects of his rôle. Hal, for instance, rejects Hotspur's idea of honor, which Falstaff passes such acute judgment upon: "What is honour? a word. What is that word honour? air." (V, i). Hal's honor is something very different and will be bound to a truly spiritual ideal "much better than my word," one with which he will,

gallantly arm'd,—
Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury
(IV, i)

and carry the battle even against time and the limitations of the fallen world.

When Falstaff approaches Hal with the dead body of Hotspur upon his back, he reassures him they are not "a double man" (V, iv). Though they are not, that is what Hal must be, for with the crown he will inherit the rôle of statesman and soldier with commitments to the public responsibilities of judicial and military rule in this world, as well as the part of the true Christian pilgrim obligated to the recovery of an ideal state that exists in the imagination. In this "doubleness" Hal must undertake the responsibilities which it was his uncle's tragedy to discover only at the end of his life:

Thus play I, in one person, many people,
And none contented.
(*Richard II*, V, v)

With a more perceptive insight into the nature of the theatre of state, Hal reassures us very early that his goal is nothing less than the "contentment" of these different roles played by the people who shape his consciousness, and their mutual fulfillment in a single and effective royal virtue:

So, when this loose behaviour I throw off,
And pay the debt I never promised,
By how much better than my word I am,
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes;
And, like bright metal on a sullen ground,
My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
Shall show more goodly and attract more eyes
Than that which hath no foil to set it off.
I'll so offend, to make offence a skill;
Redeeming time, when men think least I will.
(I, ii)

To serve both a fallen part in a mortal place and a noble rôle in a better world is an uncommon skill. It may be just

therefore, to say that it is to an art, the central discipline of Sidney's encyclopaedic trivium, that Hal's education is finally directed. Art embodies the lessons of both its sister disciplines, history and philosophy; it therefore acknowledges what this world is, and also what it must become; it teaches the necessities appropriate to each; and above all, it teaches a man how to act so that his total performance can ultimately reconcile the many rôles and responsibilities these different knowledges entail. Though it is a varied and demanding discipline, it promises in its achievement nothing less than the restoration of the theatre of state to its true glory and proper end.

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STUDY QUESTIONS

ACT I

1. The first scene opens on a note of high formality. Has this formality any more than decorative purpose?
2. What motives do you believe guide King Henry in the opening scene?
3. Carefully analyze the discussion of and references to justice, law, persuasion, and enforcement in scene ii. What do these themes contribute to the play?
4. How is scene ii related to the scenes that immediately precede and succeed it?
5. On the basis of Prince Hal's soliloquy, analyze his relation to Falstaff during scene ii.
6. What motives do you believe guide King Henry in his interview with Hotspur?
7. Evaluate the merits of Hotspur's argument against the king. How does this effect your evaluation of his character? Does Hotspur's discussion with Worcester and Northumberland alter it in any way? How?

ACT II

1. Discuss the function of the opening scene.
2. In scene ii Falstaff speaks of leaving the company of his fellow-robbers and turning "true man." Compare this speech to Hal's soliloquy at the end of I, ii. What light does this throw upon Falstaff's dramatic function?
3. Examine the themes of horsemanship and chivalry in this act. What do they contribute to the play?
4. Hal says that he is full of "all humours that have show'd themselves since the old days of goodman Adam to the pupil age of this present twelve o'clock at midnight." Comment carefully on the meaning and relevance of this remark.
5. Examine the ways in which Falstaff alters his account of the robbery. Can you suggest why he does so?
6. What features of character does Falstaff draw out or invest in his impersonation of Henry? of Hal? How does this affect your evaluation of each?

ACT III

1. Comment on Hotspur's remark, "I have forgot the map."
2. What is the thematic relevance of the discussion between Hotspur and Glendower concerning natural disorders and the part men play in producing them?
3. What is the relevance of the romantic interlude of marriage at the end of scene i?
4. Describe the political principles Henry reveals in the account of his own conduct (sc. ii).
5. Carefully explain the passage beginning "Percy is but my factor . . ." Compare this with the ridicule Hal directs against Hotspur in II, iv. Are the two attitudes related in any way?
6. Scene iii is the last in which Falstaff and Hal will meet in the liberty of the tavern. What changes do you notice in their behavior? How do you account for them?

ACT IV

1. Analyze the arguments with which Hotspur justifies his confidence in the rebellion. How do these arguments reflect upon his character (scene i).
2. Analyze the dramatic function of Vernon's description of "young Harry" (scene i).
3. Examine Falstaff's justification of the condition of his charge of men. How does it reflect upon him? Does it reflect upon anyone else?
4. When the king sends Blunt to parley with the rebels, Hotspur rehearses a long account of the rebel's grievances. What is the dramatic relevance of this circumstance in a scene which emphasizes the rebel's unwillingness to go to battle?

ACT V

1. Compare Worcester's rehearsal of grievances against King Henry with other similar accounts. What does the comparison suggest about the speaker?
2. Both Henry and Worcester "are less agents than victims of an overriding fatality implicit in their respective pasts." Discuss this quotation in the light of Worcester's long speech in scene ii.

3. Discuss the dramatic significance of Blunt's disguise and Douglas' complaint about it in scene iii.

4. Do Hal's eulogies over Hotspur and Falstaff alter or confirm your impression of his relation to these characters? Why?

5. At the end of scene iv Falstaff exits with the body of Hotspur on his back, hot in pursuit of reward. Compare this action with Hal's speech near the end of III, ii, beginning "I will redeem all this . . ."

6. Comment on Hal's remark to Falstaff, "For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,/ I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have."

General Questions

1. Hal's acceptance of worldly responsibility in Act III is accompanied by an alteration in his character. Trace this alteration. Is there any continuity in his character?

2. "The balance of true emotion and emptiness, the reliance on a noble conception barely developed beyond its verbal value reflects the essential moral adolescence" of Hotspur. Discuss this quotation.

3. Falstaff's "mental energy and resilience are a repudiation of the decay of which he is a symbol. Although his final rejection is certain and asks to be approved, his irresponsibility contains a considered criticism of the imperfect values of public life." Discuss this quotation.

4. What aspects of the play make it a public or political chronicle of English history and which ones a private or personal account of Prince Hal? How do these two aspects interact to produce a unified impression?

5. Discuss Shakespeare's use of verse and prose as a vehicle for characterization.

6. Discuss the development of the following related themes

a) fortune, debt, payment, counterfeitness

b) courtesy and honor.

7. Identify the speaker and occasion in the following passages. Analyze them carefully, and discuss their significance in terms of the play as a whole.

a) Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth
In strange eruptions; oft the teeming earth

Is with a kind of colic pincht and vext
By the imprisoning of unruly wind
Within her womb; which, for enlargement striving,
Shakes the old beldam earth, and topples down
Steeples and moss-grown towers.

b) The land is burning; Percy stands on high;
And either we or they must lower lie.

c) Well, God give thee the spirit of persuasion, and him the ears of profiting, that what thou speakest may move, and what he hears may be believed, that the true prince may, for recreation sake, prove a false thief; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance.

d) I have sounded the very bass-string of humility. Sirrah, I am sworn brothers to a leash of drawers; and can tell them all by their christen names, as,—Tom, Dick, and Francis. They take it already upon their salvation, that though I be but Prince of Wales, yet I am the king of courtesy.

e) (Thou) art almost an alien to the hearts
Of all the court and princes of my blood.

f) Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking; I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent.

g) Though sometimes it shows greatness, courage, blood—
And that's the dearest grace it renders you,—
Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,
Defect of manners, want of government,
Pride, haughtiness, opinion, and disdain:
The least of which haunting a nobleman
Loseth men's hearts, and leaves behind a stain
Upon the beauty of all parts besides,
Beguiling them of commendation.

h) By God, I cannot flatter; I defy
The tongues of soothers; but a braver place
In my heart's love hath no man than yourself:
Nay, task me to my word; approve me, lord.

i) For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,
I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.

j) Never call a true piece of gold a counterfeit. Thou art essentially made without seeming so.

THE FIRST PART OF KING HENRY THE FOURTH

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

KING HENRY THE FOURTH.

HENRY, *Prince of Wales,*
PRINCE JOHN *of Lancaster,* } *sons to the King.*

EARL OF WESTMORELAND.

SIR WALTER BLUNT.

THOMAS PERCY, *Earl of Worcester.*

HENRY PERCY, *Earl of Northumberland.*

HENRY PERCY, *surnamed* HOTSPUR, *his son.*

EDMUND MORTIMER, *Earl of March.*

SCROOP, *Archbishop of York.*

ARCHIBALD, *Earl of Douglas.*

OWEN GLENDOWER.

SIR RICHARD VERNON.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

SIR MICHAEL, *a friend to the Archbishop of York.*

POINS.

GADSHILL.

PETO.

BARDOLPH.

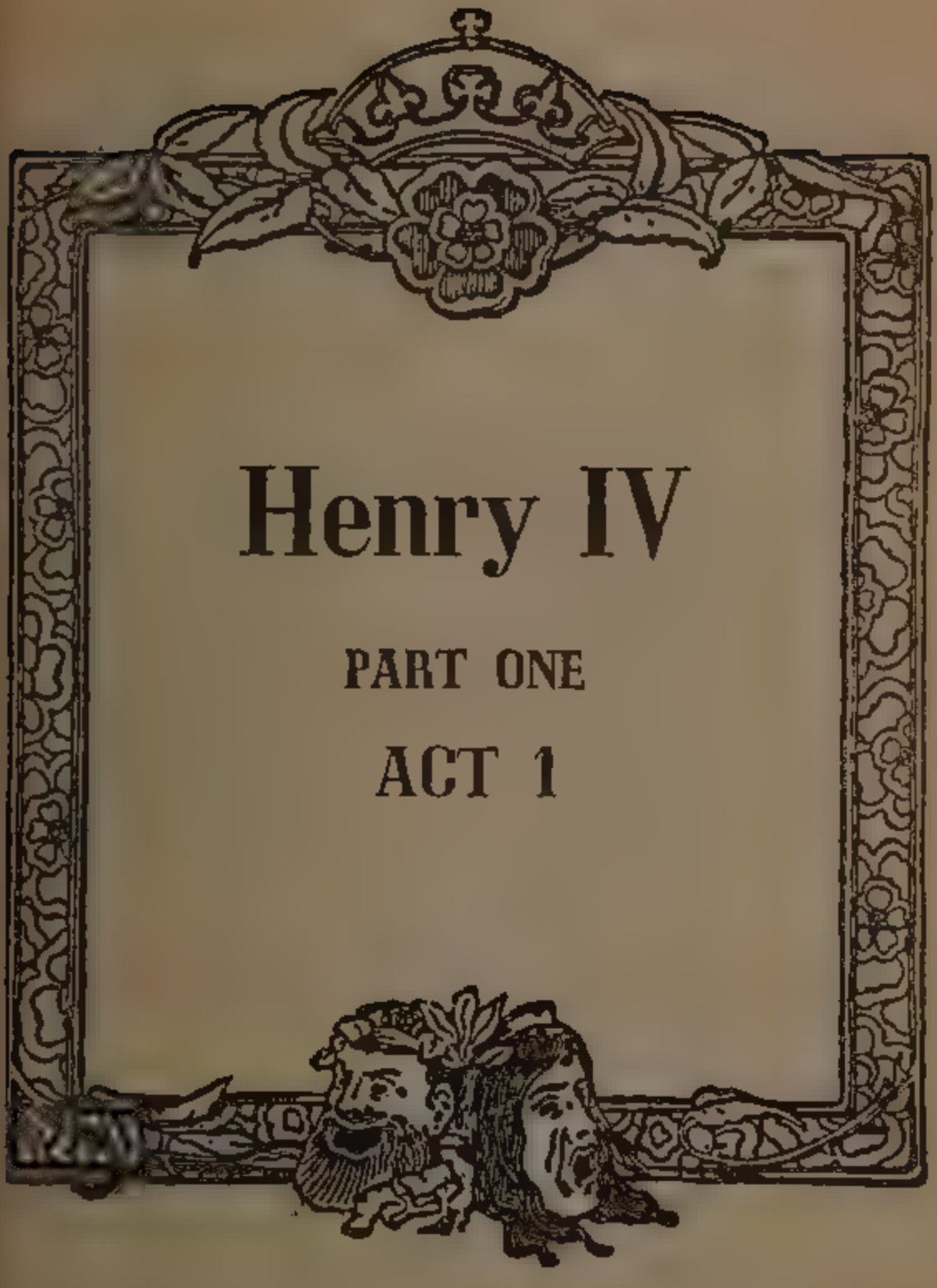
LADY PERCY, *wife to Hotspur, and sister to Mortimer.*

LADY MORTIMER, *daughter to Glendower, and wife to Mortimer.*

MISTRESS QUICKLY, *hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap.*

LORDS, OFFICERS, SHERIFF, VINTNER, CHAMBERLAIN, DRAWERS, TWO CARRIERS, TRAVELLERS, *and* ATTENDANTS.

SCENE—*England.*



Henry IV

PART ONE

ACT 1

ACT I

THE FIRST ACT opens in the splendor and ceremony of the court, where, in a stately and formal style, King Henry prophesies a rebirth of peace and brotherhood in English society which will succeed a crusade to the Holy Land. But the point of this declaration seems to lie in an admission of the ideal's failure under the pressures of political necessities. Thus, the largest part of the scene is taken up with news of these in Hotspur's wars and disobedience, all carefully rehearsed under the direction of Henry, who then sets the stage for an encounter with Hotspur that is his immediate concern. Before this takes place, we are introduced to Eastcheap, a side of English society opposite the world of Henry's court. There Prince Hal and Falstaff fraternize in a pleasure that is both the embodiment of Henry's ideals of peace and brotherhood, and the symbol of their miscarriage in idleness and disobedience. But at the end of the scene, Hal reassures us that his present conduct is but a private mask to better suit him for his public part. In his ability to pretend, Hal shares an important political virtue with his father, who, in the last scene, manages his whole interview with Hotspur like an experienced stage director. But though Hal's disguise prompts love and trust, Henry's breeds suspicion and fear, and this, in turn, rebellion. As a mode of conduct, it is brought into sharp focus by a contrast with the passionate simplicity which sets Hotspur apart from the cold world of political artifice. But if this temperament frees him of the meaner forms of Henry's intrigue, it later permits him to be drawn into Worcester's plot. By the end of the scene, the distinction between Hotspur's artlessness and Hal's detachment forces itself upon us to the disadvantage of the former.

ACT I. Scene I.

London. The palace.

Enter KING HENRY, WESTMORELAND, SIR WALTER BLUNT, *and others.*

KING HENRY.

So shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Find we[1] a time for frighted peace to pant,[2]
And breathe short-winded accents of new broils[3]
To be commenced in stronds[4] afar remote.
No more the thirsty entrance[5] of this soil
Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood;
No more shall trenching[6] war channel her fields,
Nor bruise her flowerets with the armed hoofs
Of hostile paces:[7] those opposed eyes,
Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
All of one nature, of one substance bred,
Did lately meet in the intestine[8] shock
And furious close[9] of civil butchery,
Shall now, in mutual[10] well-beseeming ranks,
March all one way, and be no more opposed

---

[1] **Find we:** let us find. [2] **to pant:** to recover our breath. [3] **broils:** wars. [4] **stronds:** strands; shores. [5] **entrance:** mouth. [6] **trenching:** furrow-making. [7] **paces:** pacers; horses. [8] **intestine:** internal. [9] **close:** hand-to-hand encounter. [10] **mutual:** united; having the same interests.

Against acquaintance, kindred, and allies:
The edge[1] of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,
No more shall cut his[2] master. Therefore, friend
As far as to the sepulchre of Christ,—
Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross
We are impressed[3] and engaged to fight,—
Forthwith a power[4] of English shall we levy;
Whose arms were moulded in their mothers' womb
To chase these pagans in those holy fields
Over whose acres walkt those blessed feet
Which fourteen hundred years ago were nail'd
For our advantage on the bitter cross.
But this our purpose now is twelve month old,
And bootless[5] 'tis to tell you we will go:
Therefore we meet not now.—Then let me hear
Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,
What yesternight our council did decree
In forwarding this dear expedience.[6]

EARL OF WESTMORELAND.

My liege, this haste was hot in question,[7]
And many limits of the charge[8] set down
But yesternight: when, all athwart,[9] there came
A post from Wales loaden[10] with heavy news;
Whose worst was,—that the noble Mortimer,
Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
Against the irregular[11] and wild Glendower,
Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,
A thousand of his people butchered;
Upon whose dead corpse there was such misuse,
Such beastly, shameless transformation,
By those Welshwomen done, as may not be

---

[1] edge: sword. [2] his: its. [3] impressed: pressed into service. [4] power: army. [5] bootless: useless. [6] dear expedience: urgent undertaking. [7] hot in question: being heatedly discussed. [8] charge: cost; expense. [9] athwart: adversely. [10] loaden: laden. [11] irregular: lawless; unruly.

Without much shame re-told or spoken of.

KING HENRY.

It seems, then, that the tidings of this broil
Brake off our business for the Holy Land.

EARL OF WESTMORELAND.

This, matcht with[1] other, did, my gracious lord;
For more uneven[2] and unwelcome news
Came from the north, and thus it did import:
On Holy-rood day,[3] the gallant Hotspur there,
Young Harry Percy, and brave Archibald,
That ever-valiant and approved Scot,
At Holmedon[4] met,
Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour;
As by discharge of their artillery,
And shape of likelihood,[5] the news was told;
For he that brought them,[6] in the very heat
And pride of their contention did take horse,[7]
Uncertain of the issue[8] any way.

KING HENRY.

Here is a dear, a true industrious friend,
Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse,
Stain'd with the variation of each soil
Betwixt that Holmedon and this seat of ours;
And he hath brought us smooth[9] and welcome news.
The Earl of Douglas[10] is discomfited;
Ten thousand bold Scots, two-and-twenty knights,
Balk'd[11] in their own blood, did Sir Walter see
On Holmedon's plains: of prisoners, Hotspur took
Mordake the Earl of Fife, and eldest son

---

[1] matcht with: together with. [2] uneven: embarrassing; disconcerting. [3] Holy-rood day: September 14. [4] Holmedon: Humbledon, a town in Northumberland near the Scottish border. [5] shape of likelihood: what was likely to come to pass. [6] them: i.e., the news. [7] did take horse: fled. [8] issue: outcome. [9] smooth: pleasing. [10] Earl of Douglas: Archibald, fourth Earl of Douglas. [11] Balk'd: piled up; *balk:* ridge.

To beaten Douglas; and the Earl of Athol,
Of Murray, Angus, and Menteith:
And is not this an honourable spoil,
A gallant prize? ha, cousin, is it not?

EARL OF WESTMORELAND.

In faith,
It is a conquest for a prince to boast of.

[illegible]

Yea, there thou makest me sad, and makest me sin
In envy that my Lord Northumberland
Should be the father to so blest a son,—
A son who is the theme of honour's tongue;
Amongst a grove, the very straightest plant;
Who is sweet Fortune's minion[1] and her pride:
Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,
See riot and dishonour stain the brow
Of my young Harry. O, that it could be proved
That some night-tripping fairy[2] had exchanged
In cradle-clothes our children where they lay,
And call'd mine Percy, his Plantagenet!
Then would I have his Harry, and he mine:
But let him from my thoughts.—What think you, coz,[3]
Of this young Percy's pride? the prisoners,
Which he in this adventure hath surprised,[4]
To his own use he keeps; and sends me word
I shall have none but Mordake Earl of Fife.

EARL OF WESTMORELAND.

This is his uncle's teaching, this is Worcester,
Malevolent to you in all aspects;[5]
Which makes him prune[6] himself, and bristle up
The crest of youth against your dignity.

---

[1] minion: favorite; darling. [2] night-tripping fairy: an allusion to the old belief that fairies switched infants in their cradles; Shakespeare chooses to have Hotspur and Prince Hal the same age; actually, Hotspur was older than Hal's father. [3] coz: cousin (used of almost any degree of kinship). [4] surprised: taken; captured. [5] Malevolent . . . aspects: a hostile influence in accordance with the stars. [6] prune: preen.

KING HENRY.

But I have sent for him to answer this;
And for this cause awhile we must neglect
Our holy purpose to Jerusalem.
Cousin, on Wednesday next our council we
Will hold at Windsor,—so inform the lords:
But come yourself with speed to us again;
For more is to be said and to be done
Than out of anger[1] can be uttered.

EARL OF WESTMORELAND.

I will, my liege. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

London. A tavern.

Enter PRINCE HENRY *and* FALSTAFF.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?

PRINCE HENRY.

Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking of old sack,[2] and unbuttoning thee after supper, and sleeping upon benches after noon, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly which thou wouldst truly know. What a devil hast thou to do with the time of the day? unless hours were cups of sack, and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues of bawds, and dials the signs of leaping-houses,[3] and the blessed sun himself a fair hot wench in flame-colour'd taffeta,[4]—I see no reason why thou shouldst be so superfluous to demand the time of the day.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

Indeed, you come near me[5] now, Hal; for we that take purses go by[6] the moon and the seven stars,[7] and not by

[1] out of anger: from an angry heart. [2] sack: a dry white wine. [3] leaping-houses: brothels. [4] flame-colour'd taffeta: that is, the fancy dress affected by a prostitute. [5] come near me: hit the mark. [6] go by: are guided by. [7] seven stars: the Pleiades.

Phœbus,[1] he, 'that wandering knight so fair.'[2] And, I prithee, sweet wag, when thou art king,—as, God save thy Grace,—majesty I should say, for grace thou wilt have none,—

PRINCE HENRY.

What, none?

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

No, by my troth,[3]—not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.[4]

PRINCE HENRY.

Well, how then? come, roundly,[5] roundly.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not us that are squires of the night's body be call'd thieves of the day's beauty: let us be Diana's[6] foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon; and let men say we be men of good government, being govern'd, as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance[7] we steal.

PRINCE HENRY.

Thou say'st well, and it holds well too; for the fortune of us that are the moon's men doth ebb and flow like the sea, being govern'd, as the sea is, by the moon. As, for proof, now: a purse of gold most resolutely snatcht on Monday night, and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning; got with swearing 'lay by,'[8] and spent with crying 'bring in;'[9] now in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder, and by and by in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

By the Lord, thou say'st true, lad. And is not my hostess of

---

[1] **Phœbus**: the sun. [2] **'that wandering knight so fair'**: the Knight of the Sun, from *The Mirror of Knighthood*, a chivalric romance. [3] **troth**: truth; faith. [4] **prologue . . . butter**: saying grace before a light repast. [5] **come, roundly**: come to the point. [6] **Diana**: goddess of the moon, the hunt, and chastity. [7] **countenance**: patronage; face. [8] **'lay by'**: an expression used by highwaymen to their victims. [9] **'bring in'**: a call for more wine in a tavern.

the tavern a most sweet wench?

PRINCE HENRY.

As the honey of Hybla,[1] my old lad of the castle.[2] And is not a buff jerkin[3] a most sweet robe of durance? [4]

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

How now, how now, mad wag! what, in thy quips and thy quiddities? [5] what a plague have I to do with a buff jerkin?

PRINCE HENRY.

Why, what a pox[6] have I to do with my hostess of the tavern?

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

Well, thou hast call'd her to a reckoning many a time and oft.

[redacted]

Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

No; I'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.

PRINCE HENRY.

Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch; and where it would not, I have used my credit.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

Yea, and so used it, that, were it nor here apparent that thou art heir apparent—But, I prithee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king? and resolution[7] thus fobb'd [8] as it is with the rusty curb of old father antick[9] the law? Do not thou, when thou art king, hang a thief.

PRINCE HENRY.

No; thou shalt.

---

[1] Hybla: a town in Sicily noted for its honey. [2] old lad of the castle: a pun on Falstaff's original name of Oldcastle. [3] buff jerkin: a short leather coat worn by the sheriff's sergeant. [4] robe of durance: coat that wears well (with a pun on *prison*). [5] quiddities: equivocations; nuances of wit. [6] a pox: a plague on you (an expression indicating annoyance). [7] resolution: courage. [8] fobb'd: fubbed; tricked. [9] antick: buffoon; clown.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

Shall I? O rare![1] By the Lord, I'll be a brave[2] judge.

PRINCE HENRY.

Thou judgest false already: I mean, thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves, and so become a rare hangman.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

Well, Hal, well; and in some sort it jumps[3] with my humour as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

PRINCE HENRY.

For obtaining of suits?

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

Yea, for obtaining of suits,[4] whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood,[5] I am as melancholy as a gib-cat[6] or a lugg'd bear.[7]

PRINCE HENRY.

Or an old lion, or a lover's lute.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

Yea, or the drone[8] of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.

PRINCE HENRY.

What say'st thou to a hare, or the melancholy of Moor-ditch?[9]

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

Thou hast the most unsavoury similes, and art, indeed, the most comparative,[10] rascalliest,—sweet young prince. But, Hal, I prithee, trouble me no more with vanity. I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity[11] of good names were to be bought. An old lord of the council rated[12] me the other day in the street about you, sir,—but I markt him not;[13] and yet he talkt very wisely,—but I regarded him not; and yet he talkt wisely, and in the street too.

---

[1] **rare:** excellent. [2] **brave:** splendid. [3] **jumps:** agrees. [4] **suits:** an allusion to the practice of the hangman being given the condemned man's clothing. [5] **'Sblood:** by God's blood. [6] **gib-cat:** old tomcat. [7] **lugg'd bear:** baited bear. [8] **drone:** the largest pipe of a bagpipe. [9] **Moor-ditch:** an open drainage ditch outside London. [10] **comparative:** i.e., full of comparisons. [11] **commodity:** quantity. [12] **rated:** berated. [13] **markt him not:** paid no attention to him.

PRINCE HENRY.

Thou didst well; for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.[1]

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

O, thou hast damnable iteration,[2] and art, indeed, able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm upon me, Hal, —God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over; by the Lord, an[3] I do not, I am a villain: I'll be damn'd for never a king's son in Christendom.

[redacted]

Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack?

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

Zounds,[4] where thou wilt, lad; I'll make one:[5] an I do not, call me villain, and baffle me.[6]

[redacted]

I see a good amendment of life in thee,—from praying to purse-taking

Enter POINTZ.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal; 'tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation.—Pointz!—Now shall we know if Gadshill have set a match.[7]—O, if men were to be saved by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omnipotent villain that ever cried 'stand'[8] to a true man.

PRINCE HENRY.

Good morrow, Ned.

---

[1] wisdom . . . it: from Proverbs 1:20-24. [2] iteration: repetition. [3] an: if. [4] Zounds: by God's wounds. [5] make one: go along with you. [6] baffle me: hang me up by the heels. [7] set a match: set up a holdup. [8] 'stand': a highwayman's expression—"hands up."

POINTZ.

Good morrow, sweet Hal.—What says Monsieur Remorse? what says Sir John Sack-and-sugar?[1] Jack, how agrees the devil and thee about thy soul, that thou soldest him on Good-Friday[2] last for a cup of Madeira and a cold capon's leg?

PRINCE HENRY.

Sir John stands to his word,—the devil shall have his bargain; for he was never yet a breaker of proverbs,—he will give the devil his due.

POINTZ.

Then art thou damn'd for keeping thy word with the devil.

PRINCE HENRY.

Else he had been damn'd for cozening[3] the devil.

POINTZ.

But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Gadshill! there are pilgrims going to Canterbury[4] with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses: I have vizards[5] for you all; you have horses for yourselves: Gadshill lies to-night in Rochester: I have bespoke[6] supper to-morrow night in Eastcheap:[7] we may do it as secure[8] as sleep. If you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home and be hang'd.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

Hear ye, Yedward;[9] if I tarry at home and go not, I'll hang you for going.

POINTZ.

You will, chops?[10]

---

[1] Sack-and-sugar: it was a common practice to sweeten wine with sugar. [2] Good-Friday: a holy fast day. [3] cozening: deceiving; tricking. [4] to Canterbury: to the shrine of Saint Thomas à Becket. [5] vizards: masks. [6] bespoke: reserved. [7] Eastcheap: a section of London. [8] secure: safely. [9] Yedward: Edward. [10] chops: a contemptuous term for someone with plump cheeks.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

Hal, wilt thou make one?

PRINCE HENRY.

Who, I rob? I a thief? not I, by my faith.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou camest not of the blood royal,[1] if thou darest not stand for[2] ten shillings.

PRINCE HENRY.

Well, then, once in my days I'll be a madcap.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

Why, that's well said.

PRINCE HENRY.

Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

By the Lord, I'll be a traitor, then, when thou art king.

PRINCE HENRY.

I care not.

POINTZ.

Sir John, I prithee, leave the prince and me alone: I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure, that he shall go.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

Well, God give thee the spirit of persuasion, and him the ears of profiting, that what thou speakest may move, and what he hears may be believed, that the true prince may, for recreation sake, prove a false thief; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance.[3] Farewell: you shall find me in Eastcheap.

PRINCE HENRY.

Farewell, thou latter[4] spring! farewell, All-hallown summer![5]

[*Exit* FALSTAFF.

---

[1] royal: a pun on the "royal" coin—10s. [2] stand for: stand up for; fight for. [3] want countenance: lack encouragement or approval. [4] latter: late. [5] All-hallown summer: summer-in-autumn; Indian summer; Prince Hal is referring to Falstaff's acting like a youngster when he is an old man.

POINTZ.

Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us to-morrow: I have a jest to execute that I cannot manage alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Gadshill, shall rob those men that we have already waylaid; yourself and I will not be there; and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my shoulders.

PRINCE HENRY.

But how shall we part with them in setting forth?

POINTZ.

Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail; and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves; which they shall have no sooner achieved, but we'll set upon them.

PRINCE HENRY.

Yea, but 'tis like[1] that they will know us by our horses, by our habits,[2] and by every other appointment,[3] to be ourselves.

POINTZ.

Tut! our horses they shall not see,—I'll tie them in the wood; our vizards we will change, after we leave them; and, sirrah, I have cases of buckram[4] for the nonce, [5] to immask[6] our noted [7] outward garments.

PRINCE HENRY.

Yea, but I doubt [8] they will be too hard for us.

POINTZ.

Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turn'd back; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I'll forswear arms. The virtue of

---

[1] like: likely. [2] habits: clothes. [3] appointment: equipment. [4] cases of buckram: smocks of coarse linen stiffened with glue. [5] for the nonce: for the occasion. [6] immask: conceal. [7] noted: well known. [8] doubt: fear; suspect.

this jest will be the incomprehensible[1] lies that this same fat rogue will tell us when we meet at supper: how thirty, at least, he fought with; what wards,[2] what blows, what extremities he endured; and in the reproof [3] of this lies the jest.

PRINCE HENRY.

Well, I'll go with thee: provide us all things necessary, and meet me to-night in Eastcheap; there I'll sup. Farewell.

[illegible]

Farewell, my lord. [*Exit.*

PRINCE HENRY.

I know you all, and will awhile uphold
The unyoked [4] humour of your idleness:
Yet herein will I imitate the sun,
Who doth permit the base[5] contagious[6] clouds
To smother up his beauty from the world,
That, when he please again to be himself,
Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
Of vapours that did seem to strangle him.
If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work;
But when they seldom come, they wisht for come,
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.[7]
So, when this loose behaviour I throw off,
And pay the debt I never promised,
By how much better than my word I am,
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes;
And, like bright metal on a sullen ground,[8]
My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
Shall show more goodly and attract more eyes

---

[1] incomprehensible: unthinkable; inconceivable. [2] wards: defensive attitudes (in fencing). [3] reproof: refutation. [4] unyoked: unbridled. [5] base: low-lying. [6] contagious: baneful; poisonous. [7] rare accidents: infrequent happenings. [8] sullen ground: dull background.

Than that which hath no foil [1] to set it off.
I'll so offend, to make offence a skill;
Redeeming time,[2] when men think least I will. [*Exit.*

Scene III.

London. The palace.

Enter KING HENRY, NORTHUMBERLAND, WORCESTER, HOTSPUR, SIR WALTER BLUNT, *and others.*

KING HENRY.

My blood hath been too cold and temperate,
Unapt to stir at these indignities,
And you have found me;[3] for accordingly
You tread upon my patience; but be sure
I will from henceforth rather be myself,
Mighty and to be fear'd, than my condition,[4]
Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,
And therefore lost that title of respect
Which the proud soul ne'er pays but to the proud.

EARL OF WORCESTER.

Our house, my sovereign liege, little deserves
The scourge of greatness to be used on it;
And that same greatness too which our own hands
Have holp[5] to make so portly.[6]

EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

My lord,—

KING HENRY.

Worcester, get thee gone; for I do see
Danger[7] and disobedience in thine eye:
O, sir, your presence is too bold and peremptory,[8]

---

[1] **foil**: background; originally, tinsel on which a jewel was placed to display its brilliance to advantage. [2] **Redeeming time**: saving formerly wasted time. [3] **found me**: found me out; discovered my weakness. [4] **condition**: disposition; temperament. [5] **holp**: helped. [6] **portly**: great; proud. [7] **Danger**: rebellion. [8] **peremptory**: lacking in respect.

And majesty might never yet endure
The moody frontier of a servant brow.[1]
You have good leave[2] to leave us: when we need
Your use and counsel, we shall send for you.
[*Exit* WORCESTER.
[*to* NORTHUMBERLAND] You were about to speak.

EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

Yea, my good lord.
Those prisoners in your highness' name demanded,
Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,
Were, as he says, not with such strength denied
As is deliver'd [3] to your majesty:
Either envy,[4] therefore, or misprision[5]
Is guilty of this fault, and not my son.

HOTSPUR.

My liege, I did deny no prisoners.
But I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat, and trimly drest,
Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin new reapt
Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home;[6]
He was perfumed like a milliner;
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box,[7] which ever and anon
He gave his nose, and took't away again;—
Who therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in snuff:[8]—and still he smiled and talkt;
And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse[9]

---

[1] moody frontier . . . brow: angry frown on an inferior's forehead. [2] good leave: permission. [3] deliver'd: reported. [4] envy: malice. [5] misprision: misapprehension. [6] harvest-home: the end of harvesting. [7] pouncet-box: small box containing perfumes or spices, to counteract unpleasant odors. [8] Took it in snuff: took it as an offence. [9] corse: corpse.

Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holiday[1] and lady terms
He question'd me; amongst the rest, demanded
My prisoners in your majesty's behalf.
I then, all smarting with my wounds being cold,
To be so pester'd with a popinjay,[2]
Out of my grief and my impatience,
Answer'd neglectingly,[3] I know not what,—
He should, or he should not; for he made me mad
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman
Of guns and drums and wounds,—God save the mark!—[4]
And telling me the sovereign'st [5] thing on earth
Was parmaceti[6] for an inward bruise;
And that it was great pity, so it was,
This villainous salt-petre should be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall [7] fellow had destroy'd
So cowardly; and but for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier.
This bald [8] unjointed chat of his, my lord,
I answer'd indirectly, as I said;
And I beseech you, let not his report
Come current [9] for an accusation
Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

SIR WALTER BLUNT.

The circumstance consider'd, good my lord,
Whate'er Lord Harry Percy then had said
To such a person, and in such a place,
At such a time, with all the rest re-told,
May reasonably die, and never rise
To do him wrong, or any way impeach[10]

---

[1] holiday: festive. [2] a popinjay: a parrot; a talkative coxcomb. [3] neglectingly: unthinkingly. [4] God . . . mark: an expression (of obscure origin) to ward off the evils of an unpleasant subject. [5] sovereign'st: most excellent. [6] parmaceti: spermaceti, a fatty wax from the head of the sperm whale. [7] tall: brave. [8] bald: meaningless; valueless. [9] Come current: be accepted as genuine. [10] impeach: accuse.

What then he said, so he unsay it now.

KING HENRY.

Why, yet[1] he doth deny his prisoners,
But with proviso and exception,—
That we at our own charge[2] shall ransom straight[3]
His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer;
Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betray'd
The lives of those that he did lead to fight
Against the great magician, damn'd Glendower,
Whose daughter, as we hear, that Earl of March
Hath lately married. Shall our coffers, then,
Be emptied to redeem a traitor home?
Shall we buy treason, and indent[4] with fears,
When they have lost and forfeited themselves?
No, on the barren mountains let him starve;
For I shall never hold that man my friend
Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost
To ransom home revolted Mortimer.

HOTSPUR.

Revolted Mortimer!
He never did fall off,[5] my sovereign liege,
But by the chance of war:—to prove that true
Needs no more but one tongue for all those wounds,
Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took,
When on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,
In single opposition, hand to hand,
He did confound[6] the best part of an hour
In changing hardiment[7] with great Glendower:
Three times they breathed,[8] and three times did they drink,
Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood;
Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks,

---

[1] yet: still. [2] charge: expense. [3] straight: immediately. [4] indent: bargain. [5] fall off: prove unfaithful. [6] confound: spend. [7] changing hardiment: exchanging blows. [8] breathed: rested between bouts.

Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
And hid his crisp head [1] in the hollow bank
Blood-stained with these valiant combatants.
Never did base and rotten policy
Colour[2] her working with such deadly wounds;
Nor never could the noble Mortimer
Receive so many, and all willingly:
Then let him not be slander'd with revolt.

KING HENRY.

Thou dost belie[3] him, Percy, thou dost belie him;
He never did encounter with Glendower:
I tell thee,
He durst as well have met the devil alone
As Owen Glendower for an enemy.
Art thou not ashamed? But, sirrah, henceforth
Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer:
Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,
Or you shall hear in such a kind [4] from me
As will displease you.—My Lord Northumberland,
We license your departure with your son.—
Send us your prisoners, or you will hear of it.

[*Exeunt* KING HENRY, BLUNT, *and* TRAIN.

HOTSPUR.

An if the devil come and roar for them,
I will not send them:—I will after straight [5]
And tell him so: for I will ease my heart,
Albeit I make a hazard of my head.

[redacted]

What, drunk with choler? [6] stay, and pause awhile:
Here comes your uncle.

Enter WORCESTER.

[redacted]

Speak of Mortimer!

---

[1] his crisp head: its curled head.
[2] Colour: disguise.
[3] belie: lie about.
[4] such a kind: such fashion.
[5] will after straight: will go after him at once.
[6] choler: anger.

Zounds,[1] I will speak of him; and let my soul
Want [2] mercy, if I do not join with him:
Yea, on his part I'll empty all these veins,
And shed my dear blood drop by drop i' th' dust,
But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer
As high i' th' air as this unthankful king,
As this ingrate[3] and canker'd [4] Bolingbroke.[5]

EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

[*to* WORCESTER] Brother, the king hath made your nephew mad.

EARL OF WORCESTER.

Who struck this heat up after I was gone?

HOTSPUR.

He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners;
And when I urged the ransom once again
Of my wife's brother, then his cheek lookt pale,
And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,
Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

EARL OF WORCESTER.

I cannot blame him: was not he proclaim'd
By Richard that dead is, the next of blood? [6]

EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

He was; I heard the proclamation:
And then it was when the unhappy king—
Whose wrongs in us God pardon! [7]—did set forth
Upon his Irish expedition;
From whence he intercepted did return
To be deposed, and shortly murdered.

EARL OF WORCESTER.

And for whose death we in the world's wide mouth
Live scandalized [8] and foully spoken of.

---

[1] Zounds: by God's wounds. [2] Want: lack. [3] ingrate: ungrateful. [4] canker'd: venomous; malignant. [5] Bolingbroke: Henry IV. [6] next of blood: next in line of succession to the throne. [7] Whose wrongs . . . pardon: may God forgive the wrongs done by us against him. [8] scandalized: disgraced.

HOTSPUR.

But, soft, I pray you; did King Richard then
Proclaim my brother[1] Edmund Mortimer
Heir to the crown?

EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

He did; myself did hear it.

HOTSPUR.

Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin king,
That wisht him on the barren mountains starve.
But shall it be, that you, that set the crown
Upon the head of this forgetful man,
And for his sake wear the detested blot
Of murderous subornation,[2]—shall it be,
That you a world of curses undergo,
Being the agents, or base second means,[3]
The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather?—
O, pardon me, that I descend so low,
To show the line and the predicament
Wherein you range[4] under this subtle king;—
Shall it, for shame, be spoken in these days,
Or fill up chronicles in time to come,
That men of your nobility and power
Did gage[5] them both in an unjust behalf,—
As both of you, God pardon it! have done,—
To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,
And plant this thorn, this canker,[6] Bolingbroke?
And shall it, in more shame, be further spoken,
That you are fool'd, discarded, and shook off
By him for whom these shames ye underwent?
No; yet time serves, wherein you may redeem
Your banisht honours, and restore yourselves
Into the good thoughts of the world again;
Revenge the jeering and disdain'd[7] contempt

---

[1] brother: brother-in-law. [2] murderous subornation: encouraging murder by underhanded means. [3] second means: assistants. [4] the line . . . range: just exactly where you rank. [5] gage: pledge. [6] canker: dog rose (a wild rose). [7] disdain'd: disdainful.

Of this proud king, who studies day and night
To answer all the debt he owes to you
Even with the bloody payment of your deaths:
Therefore, I say,—

[illegible]

Peace, cousin, say no more:
And now I will unclasp a secret book,
And to your quick-conceiving discontents[1]
I'll read you matter deep and dangerous;
As full of peril and adventurous spirit
As to o'er-walk[2] a current roaring loud
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

HOTSPUR.

If he fall in, good night!—or sink or swim:—
Send danger from the east unto the west,
So[3] honour cross it from the north to south,
And let them grapple:—O, the blood more stirs
To rouse a lion than to start[4] a hare!

[illegible]

Imagination of some great exploit
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.[5]

HOTSPUR.

By heaven, methinks it were an easy leap,
To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon;
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fadom-line[6] could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks;
So he that doth redeem her thence might wear
Without corrival[7] all her dignities:
But out upon[8] this half-faced fellowship![9]

EARL OF WORCESTER.

He apprehends[10] a world of figures here,

---

[1] discontents: malcontents. [2] o'er-walk: walk over. [3] So: so long as. [4] start: rouse from its hiding place. [5] patience: moderation. [6] fadom-line: fathom line; a line to measure the depth of water. [7] corrival: rival; competitor. [8] out upon: away with (an expression of anger). [9] half-faced fellowship: inferior partnership. [10] apprehends: imagines.

But not the form[1] of what he should attend.—
Good cousin, give me audience for a while.

HOTSPUR.

I cry you mercy.[2]

EARL OF WORCESTER.

Those same noble Scots
That are your prisoners,—

HOTSPUR.

I'll keep them all;
By God, he shall not have a Scot of them;
No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not:
I'll keep them, by this hand.[3]

EARL OF WORCESTER.

You start away,
And lend no ear unto my purposes.—
Those prisoners you shall keep.

HOTSPUR.

Nay, I will; that's flat:—[4]
He said he would not ransom Mortimer;
Forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer;
But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his ear I'll holla 'Mortimer!'
Nay, I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak
Nothing but 'Mortimer,' and give it him,[5]
To keep his anger still in motion.[6]

EARL OF WORCESTER.

Hear you, cousin; a word.

HOTSPUR.

All studies here I solemnly defy,
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke:
And that same sword-and-buckler[7] Prince of Wales,—
But that I think his father loves him not,

---

[1] form: details. [2] cry you mercy: beg your pardon. [3] by this hand: an oath. [4] flat: final. [5] give it him: give it to him. [6] in motion: astir. [7] sword-and-buckler: swashbuckler.

And would be glad he met with some mischance,
I would have him poison'd with a pot of ale.

EARL OF WORCESTER.

Farewell, kinsman: I'll talk to you
When you are better temper'd[1] to attend.[2]

EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

Why, what a wasp-stung and impatient fool
Art thou to break into this woman's mood,
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own!

[redacted]

Why, look you, I am whipt and scourged with rods,
Nettled, and stung with pismires,[3] when I hear
Of this vile politician,[4] Bolingbroke.
In Richard's time,—what do you call the place?—
A plague upon 't—it is in Glostershire;—
'Twas where the madcap duke his uncle kept,—[5]
His uncle York;—where I first bow'd my knee
Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke,—
'Sblood!—
When you and he came back from Ravenspurg.

EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

At Berkley-castle.

[redacted]

You say true:—
Why, what a candy[6] deal of courtesy
This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!
Look, 'when his infant fortune came to age,'
And, 'gentle Harry Percy,' and, 'kind cousin,'—
O, the devil take such cozeners![7]—God forgive me!—
Good uncle, tell your tale; I have done.[8]

---

[1] better temper'd: better disposed. [2] attend: to listen to me. [3] pismires: ants. [4] politician: schemer. [5] kept: lived. [6] candy: sugared; hypocritical. [7] cozeners: cheaters; deceivers. [8] done: finished.

[illegible]

Nay, if you have not, to it again;
We will stay[1] your leisure.

HOTSPUR.

I have done, i' faith.

EARL OF WORCESTER.

Then once more to your Scottish prisoners.
Deliver them up without their ransom straight,[2]
And make the Douglas' son your only mean
For powers in Scotland; which, for divers[3] reasons
Which I shall send you written, be assured,
Will easily be granted—. [*to* NORTHUMBERLAND] You, my lord,
Your son in Scotland being thus employ'd,
Shall secretly into the bosom[4] creep
Of that same noble prelate, well beloved,
The archbishop.

HOTSPUR.

Of York, is it not?

EARL OF WORCESTER.

True; who bears hard
His brother's death at Bristol, the Lord Scroop.[5]
I speak not this in estimation,[6]
As what I think might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted, and set down,
And only stays but to behold the face
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

[illegible]

I smell it: upon my life, it will do well.

EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

Before the game is a-foot, thou still lett'st slip.[7]

---

[1] stay: await. [2] straight: immediately. [3] divers: various. [4] bosom: confidence. [5] Lord Scroop: Earl of Wiltshire, beheaded by Henry IV in 1399. [6] estimation: surmise. [7] lett'st slip: i.e., let the hounds loose.

HOTSPUR.

Why, it cannot choose[1] but be a noble plot:—
And then the power[2] of Scotland and of York,—
To join with Mortimer, ha?

EARL OF WORCESTER.

And so they shall.

HOTSPUR.

In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd.[3]

EARL OF WORCESTER.

And 'tis no little reason bids us speed,
To save our heads by raising of a head;[4]
For, bear ourselves as even[5] as we can,
The king will always think him[6] in our debt,
And think we think ourselves unsatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay us home:[7]
And see already how he doth begin
To make us strangers to his looks of love.

HOTSPUR.

He does, he does; we'll be revenged on him.

EARL OF WORCESTER.

Cousin, farewell:—no further go in this
Than I by letters shall direct your course.
When time is ripe,—which will be suddenly,—[8]
I'll steal to Glendower and Lord Mortimer;
Where you and Douglas, and our powers[9] at once,[10]
As I will fashion[11] it, shall happily meet,
To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,
Which now we hold at much uncertainty.

EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

Farewell, good brother: we shall thrive,[12] I trust.

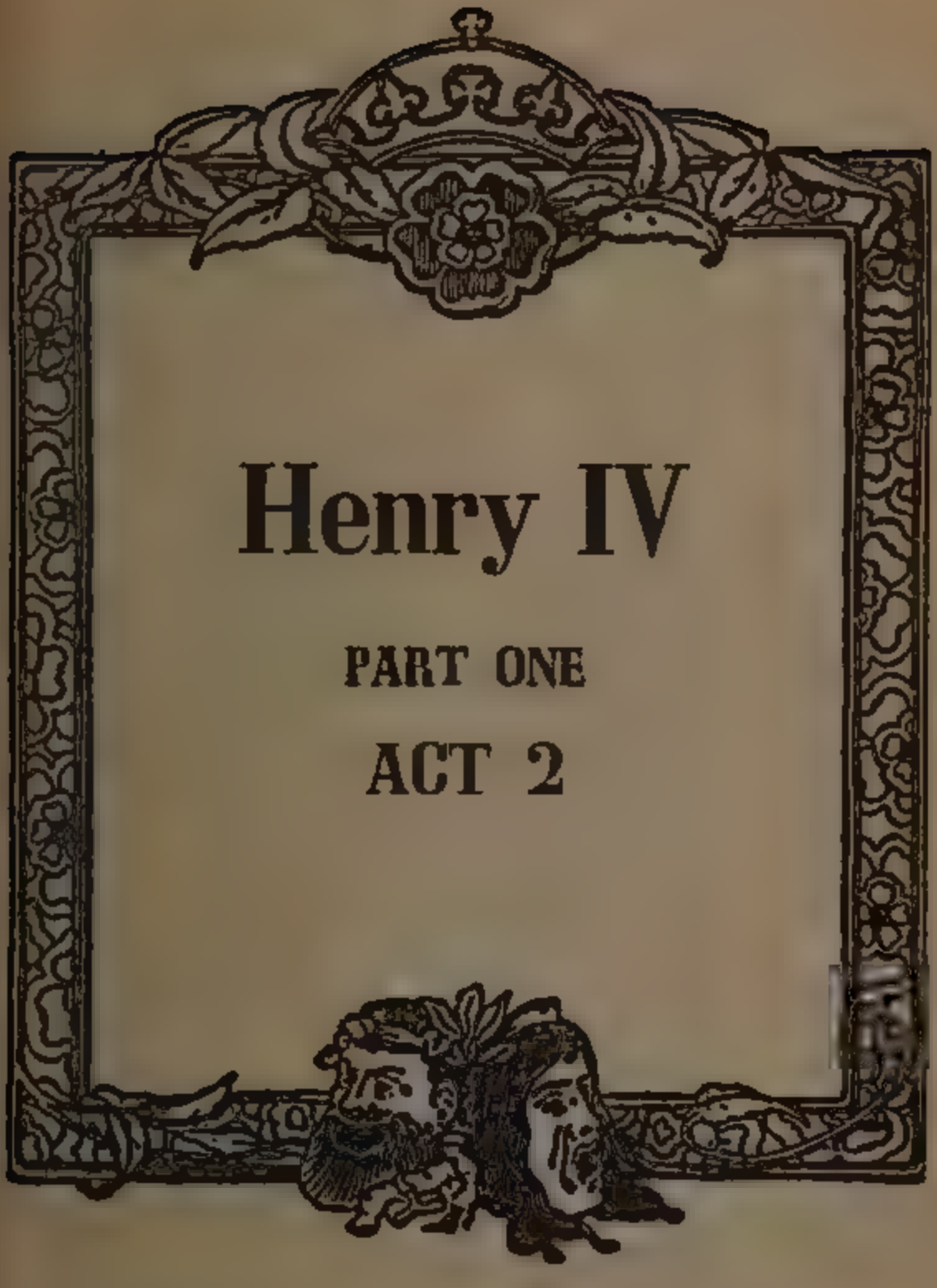
HOTSPUR.

Uncle, adieu:—O, let the hours be short,
Till fields and blows and groans applaud our sport!

[*Exeunt.*

---

[1] cannot choose: cannot help. [2] power: forces. [3] aim'd: planned. [4] head: army. [5] even: prudently. [6] him: himself. [7] pay us home: liquidate us; pay us fully. [8] suddenly: soon. [9] powers: armies. [10] at once: simultaneously. [11] fashion: plan; contrive. [12] thrive: succeed.



Henry IV

PART ONE

ACT 2

ACT II

Though the weight of Henry's immediate concern lies in Hotspur's defiance, he also suffers the burden of disobedience among the commonalty, and even, through Hal, in his private life. The first scene, therefore, establishes an atmosphere of general disorder and suggests that men of every social rank and station contribute to the corruption of society. Since the cause of all this lies in a single origin—Henry's usurpation—the effect at every level is of a similar nature. In an important sense, then, the robbery planned around Falstaff can be compared to the political schemes contrived by Henry or the rebellion plotted by the nobles: Falstaff's indignant moralizing is a comic parody of Henry's hypocritical sermonizing; and his exaggerated bombast reflects Hotspur, whose aggressive over-confidence is enlarged in scene iii. Finally, however, it is the contrast between Falstaff's gross incapacity for action and Hal's confident control of it that most impresses us in this scene. It is this same contrast that is tested under rather different circumstances in scene iv, where Falstaff's physical discomfiture is considerably modified by the impressive vitality of his imaginative re-enactment of the robbery. The Prince carries on the jest, but he is forced to an increasingly narrow emphasis upon the literal nature of Falstaff's act in order to reassert his control. The distinction between their points of view, in this regard, is the key to that separation anticipated in the comic enactment of the later interview in which the King will urge the responsibilities of a royal actor upon his son, and Hal will accept them.

ACT II. Scene I.

Rochester. An inn-yard.

Enter a CARRIER *with a lantern in his hand.*

[illegible]

Heigh-ho! an't be not four by the day,[1] I'll be hang'd: Charles' wain[2] is over the new chimney, and yet our horse not packt.—What, ostler!

OSTLER [*within*].

Anon, anon.

FIRST CARRIER.

I prithee, Tom, beat[3] Cut's[4] saddle, put a few flocks[5] in the point;[6] poor jade[7] is wrung[8] in the withers out of all cess.[9]

Enter another CARRIER.

[illegible]

Peas and beans are as dank here as a dog, and that is the next[10] way to give poor jades the bots:[11] this house is turn'd upside down since Robin ostler died.

[illegible]

Poor fellow! never joy'd [12] since the price of oats rose; it was the death of him.

SECOND CARRIER.

I think this be the most villainous house in all London road for fleas: I am stung like a tench.[13]

[illegible]

Like a tench! by the mass, there is ne'er a king christen[14] could be better bit than I have been since the first cock.

[illegible]

Why, they will allow us ne'er a jordan,[15] and then we leak

---

[1] by the day: in the morning. [2] Charles' wain: Charles' wagon; nickname for the constellation of Ursa Major. [3] beat: make the padding even. [4] Cut: horse with a docked tail. [5] flocks: tufts of wool (padding). [6] point: pommel. [7] jade: sorry nag. [8] wrung: rubbed sore. [9] out . . . cess: beyond measure. [10] next: surest. [11] bots: worms. [12] joy'd: happy. [13] tench: red-spotted trout. [14] king christen: Christian king. [15] jordan: chamber pot.

in the chimney; and your chamber-lie[1] breeds fleas like a loach.[2]

FIRST CARRIER.

What, ostler! come away, and be hang'd! come away.

SECOND CARRIER.

I have a gammon[3] of bacon and two razes[4] of ginger, to be deliver'd as far as Charing-cross.[5]

FIRST CARRIER.

God's body, the turkeys in my pannier[6] are quite starved.—What, ostler!—A plague on thee! hast thou never an eye in thy head? canst not hear? An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to break the pate[7] on thee, I am a very[8] villain.—Come, and be hang'd!—hast no faith in thee?

Enter GADSHILL.

GADSHILL.

Good morrow, carriers. What's o'clock?

FIRST CARRIER.

I think it be two o'clock.

GADSHILL.

I prithee, lend me thy lantern, to see my gelding in the stable.

FIRST CARRIER.

Nay, by God, soft;[9] I know a trick worth two of that, i' faith.

GADSHILL.

I pray thee, lend me thine.

SECOND CARRIER.

Ay, when? canst tell? [10]—Lend me thy lantern, quoth'a? [11]—marry,[12] I'll see thee hang'd first.

[redacted]

Sirrah carrier, what time do you mean to come to London?

---

[1] chamber-lie: urine. [2] loach: fish that breeds several times a year. [3] gammon: side. [4] razes: roots. [5] Charing-cross: in Shakespeare's day, a village on the road from London to Westminster; now in the heart of London. [6] pannier: basket. [7] pate: head. [8] very: real. [9] soft: go easy. [10] canst tell: who can tell. [11] 'a: he. [12] marry: by the Virgin Mary.

SECOND CARRIER.

Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee.—Come, neighbour Mugs, we'll call up the gentlemen: they will along[1] with company, for they have great charge.[2]

[*Exeunt* CARRIERS.

GADSHILL.

What, ho! chamberlain![3]

CHAMBERLAIN [*within*].

At hand, quoth pick-purse.[4]

[illegible]

That's even[5] as fair[6] as—at hand, quoth the chamberlain; for thou variest no more from picking of purses than giving direction doth from labouring; thou lay'st the plot how.

Enter CHAMBERLAIN.

[illegible]

Good morrow, Master Gadshill. It holds current[7] that I told you yesternight:—there's a franklin[8] in the wild[9] of Kent hath brought three hundred marks[10] with him in gold: I heard him tell it to one of his company last night at supper; a kind of auditor, one that hath abundance of charge too, God knows what. They are up already, and call for eggs and butter;[11] they will away presently.

[illegible]

Sirrah, if they meet not with Saint Nicholas' clerks,[12] I'll give thee this neck.

[illegible]

No, I'll none of it: I prithee, keep that for the hangman; for I know thou worship'st Saint Nicholas as truly as a man of falsehood may.

[illegible]

What talkest thou to me of the hangman? if I hang, I'll make

---

[1] will along: will wish to go along. [2] great charge: a great deal of money, or expensive belongings. [3] chamberlain: man in charge of the bedrooms in an inn. [4] quoth pick-purse: says the pick-pocket; a proverbial expression for acknowledging a summons. [5] even: just. [6] fair: suitable. [7] holds current: remains true. [8] franklin: yeoman; landowner. [9] wild: weald. [10] marks: 13*s.* 4*d.* [11] eggs and butter: usual breakfast dish. [12] Saint Nicholas' clerks: highwaymen.

a fat pair of gallows; for if I hang, old Sir John hangs with me, and thou know'st he's no starveling! Tut! there are other Trojans[1] that thou dream'st not of, the which, for sport sake, are content to do the profession some grace; that would, if matters should be lookt into, for their own credit sake, make all whole. I am join'd with no foot land-rakers,[2] no long-staff sixpenny strikers,[3] none of these mad mustachio purple-hued malt-worms;[4] but with nobility and tranquillity, burgomasters and great oneyers,[5] such as can hold in, such as will strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner than drink, and drink sooner than pray: and yet, zounds, I lie; for they pray continually to their saint, the commonwealth; or, rather, not pray to her, but prey on her,—for they ride up and down on her, and make her their boots.[6]

CHAMBERLAIN.

What, the commonwealth their boots? will she hold out water in foul way?[7]

[redacted]

She will, she will; justice hath liquor'd[8] her. We steal as in a castle, cock-sure; we have the receipt of fern-seed,[9]—we walk invisible.

CHAMBERLAIN.

Nay, by my faith, I think you are more beholding to the night than to fern-seed for your walking invisible.

[redacted]

Give me thy hand: thou shalt have a share in our purchase,[10] as I am a true man.

CHAMBERLAIN.

Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false thief.

---

[1] Trojans: a cant term for *thieves*. [2] foot land-rakers: footpads; tramps who steal for a living. [3] sixpenny strikers: petty thieves armed with long staffs. [4] mustachio . . . malt-worms: topers, their mustaches stained with liquor. [5] great oneyers: great ones. [6] boots: booty (with a pun on the usual meaning of *boots*). [7] in foul way: on muddy highways. [8] liquor'd: greased. [9] fern-seed: i.e., something so small it is invisible. [10] purchase: loot.

GADSHILL.

Go to; *homo* is a common name to all men. Bid the ostler bring my gelding out of the stable. Farewell, you muddy[1] knave. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The road by Gadshill.

Enter PRINCE HENRY *and* POINTZ; BARDOLPH *and* PETO *at some distance.*

POINTZ.

Come, shelter, shelter; I have removed Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gumm'd velvet.[2]

PRINCE HENRY.

Stand close.[3] [*They retire.*

Enter FALSTAFF.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

Pointz! Pointz, and be hang'd! Pointz!

PRINCE HENRY [*coming forward*].

Peace, ye fat-kidney'd rascal! what a brawling dost thou keep!

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

Where's Pointz, Hal?

PRINCE HENRY.

He is walkt up to the top of the hill: I'll go seek him.

[*Retires.*

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

I am accurst to rob in that thief's company: the rascal hath removed my horse, and tied him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the squier[4] further a-foot, I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all

---

[1] muddy: dull.

[2] frets . . . velvet: cheap velvet was sometimes stiffened with gum; when the gum hardened, it peeled or chafed off.

[3] close: hidden.

[4] squier: square; footrule.

this, if I scape[1] hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly any time this two-and-twenty year, and yet I am bewitcht with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me medicines[2] to make me love him, I'll be hang'd; it could not be else; I have drunk medicines.—Poinz!—Hal!—a plague upon you both!—Bardolph!—Peto!—I'll starve, ere I'll rob a foot further. An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to turn true man, and to leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet[3] that ever chew'd with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground is threescore and ten miles a-foot with me; and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough: a plague upon't, when thieves cannot be true one to another! [*They whistle.*] Whew!—A plague upon you all! Give me my horse, you rogues; give me my horse, and be hang'd!

PRINCE HENRY [*coming forward*].

Peace, ye fat-guts! lie down; lay thine ear close to the ground, and list if thou canst hear the tread of travellers.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood,[4] I'll not bear mine own flesh so far a-foot again for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye to colt[5] me thus?

[redacted]

Thou liest; thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

I prithee, good Prince Hal, help me to my horse, good king's

[redacted]

---

[1] scape: escape.
[2] medicines: love potions.
[3] veriest varlet: greatest rascal.
[4] 'Sblood: by God's blood.
[5] colt: trick.

PRINCE HENRY.

Out, ye rogue! shall I be your ostler?

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

Go, hang thyself in thine own heir-apparent garters![1] If I be ta'en, I'll peach[2] for this. An[3] I have not ballads made on you all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison:—when a jest is so forward,[4] and a-foot too!—I hate it.

Enter GADSHILL.

[redacted]

Stand!

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

So I do, against my will.

POINTZ.

O, 'tis our setter:[5] I know his voice.

[*Coming forward with* BARDOLPH *and* PETO.

[redacted]

What news?

[redacted]

Case ye,[6] case ye; on with your vizards: there's money of the king's coming down the hill; 'tis going to the king's exchequer.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

You lie, ye rogue; 'tis going to the king's tavern.

[redacted]

There's enough to make us all.[7]

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

To be hang'd.

PRINCE HENRY.

Sirs, you four shall front[8] them in the narrow lane; Ned

---

[1] hang . . . garters: "He may hang himself in his own garters"—a proverbial saying (an allusion to the Order of the Garter). [2] peach: impeach; turn king's evidence. [3] An: if. [4] forward: bold. [5] setter: the thief who lies in wait for the victims. [6] Case ye: put on your masks. [7] make us all: that is, make us all rich. [8] front: confront; accost.

Pointz and I will walk lower: if they scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

PETO.

How many be there of them?

[illegible]

Some eight or ten.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

Zounds, will they not rob us?

[illegible]

What, a coward, Sir John Paunch?

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather; but yet no coward, Hal.

[illegible]

Well, we leave that to the proof.[1]

[illegible]

Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge: when thou need'st him, there thou shalt find him. Farewell, and stand fast.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hang'd.

PRINCE HENRY [*aside to* POINTZ].

Ned, where are our disguises?

POINTZ [*aside to* PRINCE HENRY].

Here, hard by:[2] stand close.

[*Exeunt* PRINCE HENRY *and* POINTZ.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

Now, my masters, happy man be his dole,[3] say I: every man to his business.

Enter TRAVELLERS.

[illegible]

Come, neighbour: the boy shall lead our horses down the hill; we'll walk a-foot awhile, and ease our legs.

---

[1] proof: test.
[2] hard by: nearby.
[3] happy . . . dole: good luck (a proverbial expression).

THIEVES.

Stand!

TRAVELLERS.

Jesus bless us!

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

Strike; down with them; cut the villains' throats:—ah, whoreson[1] caterpillars![2] bacon-fed knaves! they hate us youth:—down with them; fleece them.

TRAVELLERS.

O, we are undone, both we and ours for ever!

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

Hang ye, gorbellied[3] knaves, are ye undone? No, ye fat chuffs;[4] I would your store were here! On, bacons, on! What, ye knaves! young men must live. You are grand-jurors,[5] are ye? we'll jure ye, i' faith.

[*Here they rob them and bind them. Exeunt.*

Enter PRINCE HENRY *and* POINTZ *disguised.*

PRINCE HENRY.

The thieves have bound the true men. Now could thou and I rob the thieves, and go merrily to London, it would be argument[6] for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever.

[redacted]

Stand close: I hear them coming. [*They retire.*

Enter THIEVES *again.*

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

Come, my masters, let us share, and then to horse before day. An[7] the Prince and Pointz be not two arrant[8] cowards, there's no equity[9] stirring: there's no more valour in that Pointz than in a wild-duck.

---

[1] **whoreson:** bastard. [2] **caterpillars:** parasites. [3] **gorbellied:** big-bellied. [4] **chuffs:** churlish misers. [5] **grand-jurors:** people important enough to serve on grand juries. [6] **argument:** subject for conversation. [7] **An:** if. [8] **arrant:** out-and-out. [9] **equity:** fairness; sound judgment.

PRINCE HENRY.

Your money!

POINTZ.

Villains!

[*As they are sharing, the* PRINCE *and* POINTZ *set upon them. They all run away, and* FALSTAFF *after a blow or two runs away too, leaving the booty behind them.*

[redacted].

Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse:
The thieves are scatter'd, and possest with fear
So strongly that they dare not meet each other;
Each takes his fellow for an officer.
Away, good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death,
And lards[1] the lean earth as he walks along:
Were't not for laughing, I should pity him.

POINTZ.

How the rogue roar'd! [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Warkworth Castle.

Enter HOTSPUR *solus,*[2] *reading a letter.*

HOTSPUR.

'—But, for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect[3] of the love I bear your house.'[4]—He could be contented.—why is he not, then? In respect of the love he bears our house:—he shows in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more. 'The purpose you undertake is dangerous:'—why, that's certain: 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink; but I

[1] lards: enriches (with sweat).
[2] *solus*: alone.
[3] in respect: because.
[4] house: family.

tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety. 'The purpose you undertake is dangerous; the friends you have named uncertain; the time itself unsorted;[1] and your whole plot too light for the counterpoise of[2] so great an opposition.'—Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow, cowardly hind,[3] and you lie. What a lack-brain is this! By the Lord, our plot is a good plot as ever was laid; our friends true and constant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation;[4] an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this! Why, my Lord of York[5] commends the plot and the general course of the action. Zounds, an I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and myself? Lord Edmund Mortimer, my Lord of York, and Owen Glendower? is there not, besides, the Douglas? have I not all their letters to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month? and are they not some of them set forward already? What a pagan rascal is this! an infidel! Ha! you shall see now, in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the king, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide myself, and go to buffets,[6] for moving[7] such a dish of skim milk with so honourable an action! Hang him! let him tell the king: we are prepared. I will set forward to-night.

Enter LADY PERCY.

How now, Kate! I must leave you within these two hours.

---

[1] unsorted: ill-chosen. [2] for the counterpoise of: to balance. [3] hind: boor; rustic. [4] expectation: hope of realization. [5] Lord of York: Richard Scroop, Archbishop of York. [6] go to buffets: come to blows (with myself). [7] moving: trying to move.

LADY PERCY.

O, my good lord, why are you thus alone?
For what offence have I this fortnight been
A banisht woman from my Harry's bed?
Tell me, sweet lord, what is't that takes from thee
Thy stomach,[1] pleasure, and thy golden sleep?
Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth,
And start so often when thou sitt'st alone?
Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks;
And given my treasures and my rights of thee
To thick-eyed [2] musing and curst melancholy?
In thy faint slumbers I by thee have watcht,
And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars;
Speak terms of manage[3] to thy bounding steed;
Cry, 'Courage! to the field!'—and thou hast talkt
Of sallies and retires,[4] of trenches, tents,
Of palisadoes,[5] frontiers,[6] parapets,
Of basilisks,[7] of cannon, culverin,[8]
Of prisoners' ransom, and of soldiers slain,
And all the currents of a heady fight.
Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war,[9]
And thus hath so bestirr'd thee in thy sleep,
That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow,
Like bubbles in a late-disturbed stream;
And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,
Such as we see when men restrain their breath
On some great sudden hest.[10] O, what portents are these?
Some heavy[11] business hath my lord in hand,
And I must know it, else he loves me not.

---

[1] stomach: appetite. [2] thick-eyed: dull-eyed. [3] manage: horsemanship. [4] retires: retreats. [5] palisadoes: wooden palisades; barricades. [6] frontiers: the outermost barricades. [7] basilisks: large cannon (from the fabled serpent which killed with one glance). [8] culverin: cannon. [9] currents . . . war: movements of a headlong (violent) war. [10] hest: behest; command. [11] heavy: serious.

HOTSPUR.
What, ho!

Enter a SERVANT.

Is Gilliams with the packet[1] gone?

SERVANT.
He is, my lord, an hour ago.

HOTSPUR.
Hath Butler brought those horses from the sheriff?

SERVANT.
One horse, my lord, he brought even now.

HOTSPUR.
What horse? a roan, a crop-ear, is it not?

SERVANT.
It is, my lord.

HOTSPUR.
That roan shall be my throne.
Well, I will back him straight: O *esperance!*[2]—
Bid Butler lead him forth into the park.

[*Exit* SERVANT.

LADY PERCY.
But hear you, my lord.

HOTSPUR.
What say'st thou, my lady?

LADY PERCY.
What is it carries you away?

HOTSPUR.
Why, my horse,
My love,—my horse.

LADY PERCY.
Out, you mad-headed ape!
A weasel[3] hath not such a deal of spleen[4]
As you are tost with. In faith,

---

[1] **packet:** letters.
[2] ***esperance:*** the Percy family motto was *Espérance en dieu* (Hope in God).
[3] **weasel:** a notoriously bad-tempered animal.
[4] **spleen:** bad temper (its seat was, supposedly, the spleen).

I'll know your business, Harry,—that I will.
I fear my brother Mortimer doth stir
About his title, and hath sent for you
To line[1] his enterprise: but if you go,—

[redacted]

So far a-foot, I shall be weary, love.

LADY PERCY.

Come, come, you paraquito,[2] answer me
Directly unto this question that I ask:
In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry,
An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

HOTSPUR.

Away, away, you trifler!—Love?—I love thee not,
I care not for thee, Kate: this is no world
To play with mammets[3] and to tilt with lips:
We must have bloody noses and crackt crowns,[4]
And pass them current[5] too.—God's me,[6] my horse!—
What say'st thou, Kate? what wouldst thou have with me?

LADY PERCY.

Do you not love me? do you not, indeed?
Well, do not, then; for since you love me not,
I will not love myself. Do you not love me?
Nay, tell me if you speak in jest or no.

HOTSPUR.

Come, wilt thou see me ride?
And when I am o'horseback, I will swear
I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate;
I must not have you henceforth question me
Whither I go, nor reason whereabout:
Whither I must, I must; and, to conclude,
This evening must I leave you, gentle Kate.
I know you wise; but yet no further wise

---

[1] line: back; strengthen. [2] paraquito: little parrot. [3] mammets: puppets; dolls. [4] crowns: heads. [5] pass them current: place them in circulation (with a pun on the meaning of *crown* as a coin). [6] God's me: God save me.

Than Harry Percy's wife: constant you are;
But yet a woman: and for secrecy,
No lady closer;[1] for I well believe
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know,—
And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate.

LADY PERCY.

How! so far?

[redacted]

Not an inch further. But hark you, Kate:
Whither I go, thither shall you go too;
To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you.—
Will this content you, Kate?

LADY PERCY.

It must of force.[2] [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Eastcheap. The Boar's-Head Tavern.

Enter PRINCE HENRY.

PRINCE HENRY.

Ned, prithee, come out of that fat room,[3] and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Enter POINTZ.

POINTZ.

Where hast been, Hal?

PRINCE HENRY.

With three or four loggerheads[4] amongst three or fourscore hogsheads. I have sounded the very base-string[5] of humility. Sirrah, I am sworn brother to a leash[6] of drawers;[7] and can tell them all by their christen names, as,—Tom, Dick, and

---

[1] closer: more secretive. [2] of force: perforce; of necessity. [3] fat room: vat room, or, perhaps, stuffy room. [4] loggerheads: blockheads. [5] sounded the very base-string: plumbed the lowest depths. [6] leash: usually three greyhounds made a *leash*. [7] drawers: waiters, or tapsters.

Francis. They take it already upon their salvation, that though I be but Prince of Wales, yet I am the king of courtesy; and tell me flatly I am no proud Jack, like Falstaff, but a Corinthian,[1] a lad of mettle, a good boy, by the Lord, so they call me, and when I am king of England, I shall command all the good lads in Eastcheap. They call drinking deep, dyeing scarlet; and when you breathe in your watering,[2] they cry 'hem!' and bid you play it off.[3] To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any tinker in his own language during my life. I tell thee, Ned, thou hast lost much honour, that thou wert not with me in this action. But, sweet Ned,—to sweeten which name of Ned, I give thee this pennyworth of sugar, clapt even now into my hand by an under-skinker,[4] one that never spake other English in his life than 'Eight shillings and sixpence,' and 'You are welcome,' with this shrill addition, 'Anon,[5] anon, sir! Score[6] a pint of bastard[7] in the Half-moon,'[8] or so:—but, Ned, to drive away the time till Falstaff come, I prithee, do thou stand in some by-room,[9] while I question my puny[10] drawer to what end he gave me the sugar; and do thou never leave calling 'Francis,' that his tale to me may be nothing but 'anon.' Step aside, and I'll show thee a precedent.[11] [*Exit* POINTZ.

POINTZ [*within*].

Francis!

PRINCE HENRY.

Thou art perfect.

POINTZ [*within*].

Francis!

---

[1] **Corinthian:** high-spirited fellow. [2] **breathe in . . . watering:** stop to take a breath while drinking. [3] **play it off:** toss it off at a draught. [4] **under-skinker:** assistant tapster (bartender). [5] **Anon:** coming; at your service. [6] **Score:** charge. [7] **bastard:** sweet Spanish wine. [8] **Half-moon:** each room in the inn bore its own name. [9] **by-room:** nearby room. [10] **puny:** inexperienced; apprentice. [11] **precedent:** sample.

Enter FRANCIS.

[illegible]

Anon, anon, sir.—Look down into the Pomgarnet,[1] Ralph.

[illegible]

Come hither, Francis.

[illegible]

My lord?

PRINCE HENRY.

How long hast thou to serve,[2] Francis?

[illegible]

Forsooth, five years, and as much as to—

POINTZ [*within*].

Francis!

[illegible]

Anon, anon, sir.

[illegible]

Five years! by'r lady,[3] a long lease for the clinking of pewter. But, Francis, darest thou be so valiant as to play the coward with thy indenture[4] and show it a fair pair of heels and run from it?

FRANCIS.

O Lord, sir, I'll be sworn upon all the books in England, I could find in my heart—

POINTZ [*within*].

Francis!

FRANCIS.

Anon, anon, sir.

[illegible]

How old art thou, Francis?

FRANCIS.

Let me see,—about Michaelmas[5] next I shall be—

---

[1] Pomgarnet: Pomegranate (the name of a room in the tavern).
[2] serve: i.e., as an apprentice.
[3] by'r lady: by our Lady (the Virgin Mary).
[4] indenture: a contract between an apprentice and his master.
[5] Michaelmas: the feast of St. Michael, September 29.

POINTZ [*within*].

Francis!

FRANCIS.

Anon, sir.—Pray you, stay a little, my lord.

PRINCE HENRY.

Nay, but hark you, Francis: for the sugar thou gavest me,—'twas a pennyworth, was't not?—

FRANCIS.

O Lord, sir, I would it had been two!

[redacted]

I will give thee for it a thousand pound: ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

POINTZ [*within*].

Francis!

[redacted]

Anon, anon.

PRINCE HENRY.

Anon, Francis? No, Francis; but to-morrow, Francis; or, Francis, o' Thursday; or, indeed, Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis,—

FRANCIS.

My lord?

PRINCE HENRY.

Wilt thou rob this leathern-jerkin,[1] crystal-button, nott-pated,[2] agate-ring,[3] puke-stocking,[4] caddis-garter,[5] smooth-tongue, Spanish-pouch,[6]—

[redacted]

O Lord, sir, what do you mean?

PRINCE HENRY.

Why, then, your brown bastard is your only drink; for, look you, Francis, your white canvas doublet will sully:[7] in Barbary,[8] sir, it cannot come to so much.

---

[1] **leathern-jerkin:** leather jerkin (short sleeveless jacket—the usual dress of an innkeeper). [2] **nott-pated:** with close-cropped hair. [3] **agate-ring:** wearing a ring with an agate stone (usually engraved). [4] **puke-stocking:** dark-gray woolen stockings. [5] **caddis-garter:** garters of worsted tape. [6] **Spanish-pouch:** a large purse for making change, usually of Spanish leather. [7] **sully:** stain. [8] **Barbary:** North Africa; the prince is merely trying to confuse poor Francis.

FRANCIS.

What, sir?

POINTZ [*within*].

Francis!

PRINCE HENRY.

Away, you rogue! dost thou not hear them call?

[*Here they both call him; the* DRAWER *stands amazed,*[1] *not knowing which way to go.*

Enter VINTNER.

[redacted]

What, stand'st thou still, and hear'st such a calling? Look to the guests within. [*Exit* FRANCIS.] My lord, old Sir John, with half-a-dozen more, are at the door: shall I let them in?

PRINCE HENRY.

Let them alone awhile, and then open the door. [*Exit* VINTNER.] Pointz!

Enter POINTZ.

POINTZ.

Anon, anon, sir.

PRINCE HENRY.

Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves are at the door: shall we be merry?

[redacted]

As merry as crickets, my lad. But hark ye; what cunning match have you made with this jest of the drawer? come, what's the issue?

PRINCE HENRY.

I am now of all humours that have show'd themselves humours since the old days of goodman Adam to the pupil age of this present twelve o'clock at midnight.[2]—What's o'clock, Francis?

---

[1] *amazed*: dumbfounded; stunned.

[2] I am . . . midnight: "I am willing to indulge myself in gayety and frolic, and try all the varieties of human life"—Johnson.

FRANCIS [*within*].

Anon, anon, sir.

[illegible].

That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman! His industry is up-stairs and down-stairs; his eloquence the parcel [1] of a reckoning.[2] I am not yet of Percy's mind, the Hotspur of the north; he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife, 'Fie upon this quiet life! I want work.' 'O my sweet Harry,' says she, 'how many hast thou kill'd to-day?' 'Give my roan horse a drench,' [3] says he; and answers, 'Some fourteen,' an hour after,—'a trifle, a trifle.' I prithee, call in Falstaff: I'll play Percy, and that damn'd brawn[4] shall play Dame Mortimer his wife. 'Rivo,' [5] says the drunkard. Call in ribs, call in tallow.

Enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, *and* PETO; *followed by* FRANCIS *with wine.*

[illegible].

Welcome, Jack: where hast thou been?

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry, and amen!—Give me a cup of sack, boy.—Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew netherstocks,[6] and mend them and foot them too. A plague of all cowards!—Give me a cup of sack, rogue.—Is there no virtue extant? [7] [*Drinks.*

[illegible].

Didst thou never see Titan[8] kiss a dish of butter (pitiful-

---

[1] **parcel**: items. [2] **reckoning**: account. [3] **drench**: mixture of bran and water; a purge. [4] **brawn**: mass of flesh. [5] **'Rivo'**: a drinker's exclamation, the origin of which is unknown. [6] **netherstocks**: stockings. [7] **virtue extant**: manliness in existence. [8] **Titan**: the sun.

hearted Titan!) that melted at the sweet tale of the sun! if thou didst, then behold that compound.[1]

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

You rogue, here's lime[2] in this sack too: there is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man: yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it,—a villainous coward.—Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring.[3] There lives not three good men unhang'd in England; and one of them is fat, and grows old: God help the while![4] a bad world, I say. I would I were a weaver; I could sing psalms[5] or any thing. A plague of all cowards! I say still.

PRINCE HENRY.

How now, wool-sack! what mutter you?

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath,[6] and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild-geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You Prince of Wales!

PRINCE HENRY.

Why, you whoreson[7] round man, what's the matter?

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

Are not you a coward? answer me to that:—and Pointz there?

POINTZ.

Zounds, ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, by the Lord, I'll stab thee.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

I call thee coward! I'll see thee damn'd ere I call thee coward:

---

[1] compound: composition. [2] lime: used to clarify the sack (wine). [3] shotten herring: a herring that has cast its roe; hence, a thin herring. [4] the while: the present time. [5] weaver . . . psalms: an allusion to the many Calvinist weavers who fled from Flanders to escape persecution. [6] dagger of lath: wooden dagger. [7] whoreson: bastard.

but I would give a thousand pound, I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders,—you care not who sees your back: call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me.—Give me a cup of sack:—I am a rogue, if I drunk to-day.

[redacted]

O villain! thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunk'st last.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

All's one for that. A plague of all cowards! still say I.

[*Drinks.*

[redacted]

What's the matter?

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

What's the matter! there be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pound this day morning.

PRINCE HENRY.

Where is it, Jack? where is it?

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

Where is it! taken from us it is: a hundred upon poor four of us.

PRINCE HENRY.

What, a hundred, man?

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword [1] with a dozen of them two hours together. I have scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose,[2] my buckler cut through and through; my sword hackt like a handsaw,—*ecce signum!* [3] I never dealt[4] better since I was

---

[1] at half-sword: at close quarters.
[2] hose: breeches, in this case.
[3] *ecce signum*: behold the sign (evidence).
[4] dealt: fought.

a man: all would not do.[1] A plague of all cowards!—Let them speak: if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains and the sons of darkness.

[redacted]

Speak, sirs; how was it?

GADSHILL.

We four set upon some dozen,—

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

Sixteen at least, my lord.

GADSHILL.

And bound them.

PETO.

No, no, they were not bound.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew[2] Jew.

GADSHILL.

As we were sharing,[3] some six or seven fresh men set upon us,—

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.

PRINCE HENRY.

What, fought you with them all?

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

All! I know not what you call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legg'd creature.

PRINCE HENRY.

Pray God you have not murder'd some of them.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

Nay, that's past praying for: I have pepper'd[4] two of them;

---

[1] all would not do: all to no avail.
[2] Ebrew: Hebrew.
[3] sharing: i.e., dividing our spoils.
[4] pepper'd: finished off.

two I am sure I have paid,[1] two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal,—if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse.[2] Thou knowest my old ward;[3]—here I lay, and thus I bore my point.[4] Four rogues in buckram let drive at me,—

PRINCE HENRY.

What, four? thou saidst but two even now.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

Four, Hal; I told thee four.

[illegible]

Ay, ay, he said four.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado but took all their seven points in my target,[5] thus.

PRINCE HENRY.

Seven? why, there were but four even now.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

In buckram?

[illegible]

Ay, four, in buckram suits.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

Seven, by these hilts,[6] or I am a villain else.

PRINCE HENRY.

Prithee, let him alone; we shall have more anon.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

Dost thou hear me, Hal?

PRINCE HENRY.

Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram that I told thee of,—

---

[1] paid: paid home; killed.
[2] horse: a stupid beast.
[3] ward: fencing stance.
[4] point: sword.
[5] target: shield.
[6] hilts: the cross made by the handle and the blade of a sword.

So, two more already.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

Their points[1] being broken,—

POINTZ.

Down fell their hose.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

Began to give me ground: but I follow'd me close, came in foot and hand; and with a thought seven of the eleven I paid.

PRINCE HENRY.

O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves in Kendal green came at my back and let drive at me;—for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

PRINCE HENRY.

These lies are like their father that begets them,—gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brain'd guts, thou nott-pated[2] fool, thou whoreson, obscene, greasy tallow-keech,[3]—

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

PRINCE HENRY.

Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? come, tell us your reason: what say'st thou to this?

POINTZ.

Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

---

[1] points: a pun on *points; poins*, the laces holding up the breeches and stockings.

[2] nott-pated: thick-headed.

[3] tallow-keech: tub of tallow.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

What, upon compulsion? Zounds, an I were at the strappado,[1] or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons[2] were as plentiful as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

[redacted]

I'll be no longer guilty of this sin; this sanguine[3] coward, this bed-presser, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh,—

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

Away, you starveling, you eel-skin, you dried neat's-tongue,[4] you bull's-pizzle, you stock-fish,[5]—O, for breath to utter what is like thee!—you tailor's-yard,[6] you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing-tuck,[7]—

PRINCE HENRY.

Well, breathe awhile, and then to it again: and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

[redacted]

Mark, Jack.

PRINCE HENRY.

We two saw you four set on four and bound them, and were masters of their wealth.—Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down.—Then did we two set on you four; and, with a word, out-faced you from[8] your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house:—and, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roar'd for mercy, and still ran and roar'd, as ever I heard

---

[1] strappado: a torture rack. [2] reasons: a play on the fact that *reason* was pronounced "raisin." [3] sanguine: either courageous or red-faced. [4] neat's-tongue: ox tongue. [5] stock-fish: dried codfish. [6] yard: yardstick. [7] tuck: rapier. [8] out-faced you from: frightened you away from.

bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole,[1] canst thou now find out to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

[illegible]

Come, let's hear, Jack; what trick hast thou now?

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear you, my masters: was it for me to kill the heir-apparent? should I turn upon the true prince? why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money.—Hostess, clap-to[2] the doors [*to* HOSTESS *within*]:—watch to-night, pray to-morrow.—Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

PRINCE HENRY.

Content;—and the argument[3] shall be thy running away.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

Ah, no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me!

Enter HOSTESS.

[illegible]

O Jesu, my lord the prince,—

---

[1] starting-hole: hiding place.
[2] clap-to: shut.
[3] argument: subject (of the play).

PRINCE HENRY.

How now, my lady the hostess! what say'st thou to me?

HOSTESS.

Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the court at door would speak with you: he says he comes from your father.

PRINCE HENRY.

Give him as much as will make him a royal [1] man, and send him back again to my mother.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

What manner of man is he?

HOSTESS.

An old man.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

What doth gravity[2] out of his bed at midnight?—Shall I give him his answer?

PRINCE HENRY.

Prithee, do, Jack.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

Faith, and I'll send him packing. [*Exit.*

PRINCE HENRY.

Now, sirs:—by'r lady, you fought fair;—so did you, Peto;—so did you, Bardolph: you are lions too, you ran away upon instinct, you will not touch the true prince; no,—fie!

BARDOLPH.

Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

PRINCE HENRY.

Faith, tell me now in earnest, how came Falstaff's sword so hackt?

PETO.

Why, he hackt it with his dagger; and said he would swear

---

[1] **royal:** a quibble on the names of coins—noble (6*s.* 8*d*) and royal (10*s*).

[2] **gravity:** that is, the old man.

truth out of England, but he would make you believe it was done in fight; and persuaded us to do the like.

[illegible].

Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear-grass to make them bleed; and then to beslubber our garments with it, and swear it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seven year before,—I blusht to hear his monstrous devices.

PRINCE HENRY.

O villain, thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the manner,[1] and ever since thou hast blusht extempore.[2] Thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou ran'st away: what instinct hadst thou for it?

BARDOLPH.

My lord, do you see these meteors? do you behold these exhalations?[3]

PRINCE HENRY.

I do.

[illegible].

What think you they portend?

PRINCE HENRY.

Hot livers and cold purses.[4]

BARDOLPH.

Choler,[5] my lord, if rightly taken.

[illegible].

No, if rightly taken, halter.[6]—Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bone.

Enter FALSTAFF.

How now, my sweet creature of bombast![7] How long is't ago, Jack, since thou saw'st thine own knee?

---

[1] taken with the manner: caught in the act. [2] blusht extempore: blushed (had a red face) all the time. [3] meteors . . . exhalations: the eruptions on his (Bardolph's) face. [4] Hot livers . . . purses: drunkenness and poverty. [5] choler: anger. [6] halter: collar (with a pun on *choler*); hangman's noose. [7] bombast: cotton stuffing.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

My own kneel when I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring:[1] a plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder.—There's villainous news abroad: here was Sir John Bracy from your father; you must to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the north, Percy; and he of Wales, that gave Amaimon[2] the bastinado,[3] and made Lucifer cuckold,[4] and swore the devil his true liegeman[5] upon the cross of a Welsh hook,[6]—what, a plague, call you him?—

POINTZ.

O, Glendower.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

Owen, Owen,—the same; and his son-in-law, Mortimer; and old Northumberland; and that sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs o' horseback up a hill perpendicular,—

PRINCE HENRY.

He that rides at high speed and with his pistol kills a sparrow flying.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

You have hit it.

PRINCE HENRY.

So did he never the sparrow.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

Well, that rascal hath good mettle in him; he will not run.

PRINCE HENRY.

Why, what a rascal[7] art thou, then, to praise him so for running!

---

[1] thumb-ring: large seal ring. [2] Amaimon: the name of a demon. [3] bastinado: beating. [4] made Lucifer cuckold: gave Lucifer his horns (*cuckold:* a man deceived by his wife). [5] liegeman: vassal. [6] Welsh hook: a long pike with a hook at the end. [7] rascal: an inferior deer.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

O' horseback, ye cuckoo; but a-foot he will not budge a foot.

PRINCE HENRY.

Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

I grant ye, upon instinct.—Well, he is there too, and one Mordake, and a thousand blue-caps[1] more: Worcester is stolen away to-night; thy father's beard is turn'd white with the news: you may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackerel.

[redacted]

Why, then, it is like[2] if there come a hot June, and this civil buffeting[3] hold,[4] we shall buy maidenheads as they buy hobnails, by the hundreds.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

By the mass, lad, thou say'st true; it is like we shall have good trading that way.—But tell me, Hal, art thou not horrible afeard? thou being heir-apparent, could the world pick thee out three such enemies again as that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower? art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thrill[5] at it?

PRINCE HENRY.

Not a whit, i'faith; I lack some of thy instinct.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

Well, thou wilt be horribly chid[6] to-morrow when thou comest to thy father: if thou love me, practise an answer.

[redacted]

Do thou stand for my father,[7] and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

---

[1] blue-caps: Scots. [2] like: likely. [3] civil buffeting: civil war. [4] hold: lasts. [5] thrill: tingle with fear. [6] chid: scolded. [7] stand for my father: play the rôle of my father.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

Shall I? content:—this chair shall be my state,[1] this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown.

PRINCE HENRY.

Thy state is taken for a joint-stool,[2] thy golden sceptre for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown!

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

Well, an[3] the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved.—Give me a cup of sack to make my eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in King Cambyses' vein.[4]

[*Drinks.*

PRINCE HENRY.

Well, here is my leg.[5]

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

And here is my speech.—Stand aside, nobility.

HOSTESS.

O Jesu, this is excellent sport, i' faith!

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

Weep not, sweet queen; for trickling tears are vain.

HOSTESS.

O, the father, how he holds his countenance!

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

For God's sake, lords, convey[6] my tristful[7] queen; For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

HOSTESS.

O Jesu, he doth it as like one of these harlotry players[8] as ever I see!

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

Peace, good pint-pot;[9] peace, good tickle-brain.[10]—Harry, I

---

[1] **state:** chair of state; throne. [2] **joint-stool:** a stool made by a joiner. [3] **an:** if. [4] **King Cambyses' vein:** an allusion to "A Lamentable Tragedie, mixed full of pleasant merit, containing the life of Cambises, King of Persia"; therefore, in a raving manner. [5] **leg:** obeisance. [6] **convey:** escort. [7] **tristful:** sad. [8] **harlotry players:** vagabond (strolling) players. [9] **pint-pot:** a seller of beer. [10] **tickle-brain:** a dealer in liquor.

do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied: for though the camomile,[1] the more it is trodden on, the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it wears. That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion; but chiefly a villainous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether[2] lip, that doth warrant[3] me. If, then, thou be son to me, here lies the point;—why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a micher,[4] and eat blackberries? a question not to be askt. Shall the son of England prove a thief, and take purses? a question to be askt. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; so doth the company thou keepest: for, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink, but in tears; not in pleasure, but in passion; not in words only, but in woes also:—and yet there is a virtuous man whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

PRINCE HENRY.

What manner of man, an it like your majesty?

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

A goodly portly man, i' faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or, by'r lady, inclining to three-score; and now I remember me, his name is Falstaff: if that man should be lewdly given,[5] he deceiveth me; for, Harry, I see

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[1] camomile: a strongly scented medicinal herb.
[2] nether: lower.
[3] warrant: assure.
[4] micher: truant.
[5] lewdly given: given to base acts.

virtue in his looks. If, then, the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily[1] I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff: him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me where hast thou been this month?

PRINCE HENRY.

Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me,[2] and I'll play my father.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

Depose me? if thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker[3] or a poulter's hare.[4]

PRINCE HENRY.

Well, here I am set.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

And here I stand:—judge, my masters.

PRINCE HENRY.

Now, Harry, whence come you?

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

PRINCE HENRY.

The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

'Sblood, my lord, they are false:—nay, I'll tickle ye for a young prince,[5] i' faith.

PRINCE HENRY.

Swearest thou, ungracious[6] boy? henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace: there is a devil haunts thee, in the likeness of an old fat man,—a tun[7] of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humours,[8] that bolting-hutch[9] of beastliness, that

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[1] peremptorily: positively. [2] stand for me: take my part (rôle). [3] rabbit-sucker: suckling rabbit. [4] poulter's hare: poulterer's (poultry dealer's) dressed hare. [5] tickle ye for a young prince: amuse you in my part of a young prince. [6] ungracious: without grace. [7] tun: large barrel. [8] humours: caprices. [9] bolting-hutch: a bin into which flour was bolted (sifted).

swoll'n parcel of dropsies,[1] that huge bombard[2] of sack, that stuft cloakbag of guts, that roasted Manningtree ox[3] with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that gray iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity[4] in years? Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning,[5] but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villainy? wherein villainous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

I would your Grace would take me with you:[6] whom means your Grace?

PRINCE HENRY.

That villainous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

My lord, the man I know.

PRINCE HENRY.

I know thou dost.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

But to say I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old,—the more the pity, —his white hairs do witness it; but that he is—saving your reverence[7]—a whoremaster, that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked! if to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know is damn'd: if to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved. No, my good lord; banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Pointz: but, for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more

---

[1] **dropsies**: fluids. [2] **bombard**: a large leather jug for holding liquors. [3] **Manningtree ox**: during the annual fair held at Manningtree, prize oxen were often roasted whole. [4] **vice . . . iniquity . . . ruffian . . . vanity**: all characters in the old Morality Plays. [5] **cunning**: wise; knowing. [6] **take me with you**: let me understand you. [7] **saving your reverence**: an apology for any offense in what is to follow.

valiant, being, as he is, old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company, banish not him thy Harry's company:—banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.

[redacted]

I do, I will. [*A knocking heard.*

[*Exeunt* HOSTESS, FRANCIS, *and* BARDOLPH.

Enter BARDOLPH, *running.*

BARDOLPH.

O, my lord, my lord! the sheriff with a most monstrous watch[1] is at the door.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

Out, ye rogue!—Play out the play: I have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.

Enter HOSTESS, *hastily.*

HOSTESS.

O Jesu, my lord, my lord,—

[redacted]

Heigh, heigh! the devil rides upon a fiddlestick:[2] what's the matter?

HOSTESS.

The sheriff and all the watch are at the door: they are come to search the house. Shall I let them in?

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

Dost thou hear, Hal? never call a true piece of gold a counterfeit: thou art essentially mad, without seeming so.

PRINCE HENRY.

And thou a natural coward, without instinct.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

I deny your *major*:[3] if you will deny the sheriff, so;[4] if not, let him enter: if I become not a cart[5] as well as another

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[1] most monstrous watch: extraordinarily large company of watchmen. [2] the devil . . . fiddlestick: a proverbial expression; here's a fine how-de-do. [3] your *major*: your major premise; that is, your proposition that I am a coward. [4] so: so be it. [5] a cart: a cart in which a criminal was borne to his execution.

man, a plague on my bringing up! I hope I shall as soon be strangled with a halter as another.

PRINCE HENRY.

Go, hide thee behind the arras:[1]—the rest walk up above. Now, my masters, for a true face and good conscience.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

Both which I have had; but their date is out,[2] and therefore I'll hide me.

PRINCE HENRY.

Call in the sheriff.

[*Exeunt all except the* PRINCE *and* POINTZ.

Enter SHERIFF *and* CARRIER.

Now, master sheriff, what's your will with me?

SHERIFF.

First, pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry[3]
Hath follow'd certain men unto this house.

PRINCE HENRY.

What men?

SHERIFF.

One of them is well known, my gracious lord,
A gross fat man.

CARRIER.

As fat as butter.

PRINCE HENRY.

The man, I do assure you, is not here;
For I myself at this time have employ'd him.
And, sheriff, I will engage[4] my word to thee,
That I will, by to-morrow dinner-time,
Send him to answer thee, or any man,
For any thing he shall be charged withal:
And so, let me entreat you leave the house.

---

[1] arras: a decorative tapestry (made in Arras, France) covering a wall; usually on frames a short distance from the wall.

[2] their date is out: they have run their limit.

[3] A hue and cry: a search for criminals in which householders took part.

[4] engage: pledge.

[redacted]

I will, my lord. There are two gentlemen
Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

[redacted]

It may be so: if he have robb'd these men,
He shall be answerable; and so, farewell.

SHERIFF.

Good night, my noble lord.

[redacted]

I think it is good morrow, is it not?

SHERIFF.

Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o'clock.

[*Exeunt* SHERIFF *and* CARRIER.

PRINCE HENRY.

This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's.[1]
Go, call him forth.

[redacted]

Falstaff!—fast asleep behind the arras, and snorting like a horse.

PRINCE HENRY.

Hark, how hard he fetches breath. Search his pockets. [*He searcheth his pockets and findeth certain papers.*] What hast thou found?

POINTZ.

Nothing but papers, my lord.

PRINCE HENRY.

Let's see what they be: read them.

POINTZ [*reads*].

Item, A capon, .	2*s.* 2*d.*	Item, Anchovies and sack after supper,	2*s.* 6*d.*
Item, Sauce, . .	4*d.*	Item, Bread, . .	*ob.*[2]
Item, Sack, two gallons, . . .	5*s.* 8*d.*		

[1] **Paul's**: St. Paul's Cathedral.
[2] ***ob.***: a halfpenny (from the Greek *obolus*).

PRINCE HENRY.

O monstrous! [1] but one half-pennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal [2] of sack!—What there is else, keep close;[3] we'll read it at more advantage:[4] there let him sleep till day. I'll to the court in the morning. We must all to the wars, and thy place shall be honourable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot;[5] and I know his death will be a march of twelve-score.[6] The money shall be paid back again with advantage.[7] Be with me betimes[8] in the morning; and so, good morrow, Pointz.

POINTZ.

Good morrow, good my lord. [*Exeunt.*

[1] monstrous: extraordinary; unbelievable. [2] intolerable deal: great quantity. [3] close: safe. [4] at more advantage: at a better opportunity. [5] a charge of foot: an infantry command. [6] I know . . . twelve-score: I am sure that a march of two hundred and forty yards will be the death of him. [7] advantage: interest. [8] betimes: early.

Henry IV

PART ONE

ACT 3

ACT III

THIS ACT PRESENTS the crucial interview between King and Prince anticipated in Falstaff's "play extempore." In it, an exhausted and melancholy Henry reveals his fear that Hal's private life will mislead him in his public duty. Then, hardly reflecting on the failures of his own reign, he advises Hal to imitate those political principles that guided it. As he describes them, their cold and narrow character allows us to better appreciate the distinctive value of Hal's private "play" in Eastcheap. For, thanks to Falstaff, Hal is "now of all humours" and better able to love and understand the subjects he must one day rule. When Hal answers his father, therefore, and makes the choice that has never been in doubt for the audience, there is some sense in which his commitment holds out the promise of a healthier and better regulated state than that to which men are now subject. Fittingly, then, this episode is set between two scenes which trace the progressive weakening of those forces of misorder which have plagued Henry's reign. In the first scene, set in the rebel's headquarters, there is an increasing sense of faltering control which lends their confidence the quality of a momentary interlude, an idyll before the imposition of sterner realities. A similar change in spirit can be detected in the last scene in which Hal meets his friends in the tavern for the last time. There Falstaff, like Henry, stresses his age, fatigue, and physical incapacity, and though he does so with familiar good humor, the subjection of his comic imagination to the demands of action is unmistakably confirmed.

ACT III. Scene I.

Bangor. The Archdeacon's house.

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, MORTIMER, *and* GLENDOWER.

[redacted]

These promises are fair, the parties sure,
And our induction[1] full of prosperous hope.

HOTSPUR.

Lord Mortimer,—and cousin Glendower,—
Will you sit down?—
And uncle Worcester:—a plague upon it!
I have forgot the map.

OWEN GLENDOWER.

No, here it is.
Sit, cousin Percy;—sit, good cousin Hotspur,
For by that name as oft as Lancaster[2]
Doth speak of you, his cheek looks pale, and with
A rising sigh he wisheth you in heaven.

---

[1] induction: beginning.
[2] Lancaster: i.e., King Henry.

HOTSPUR.

And you in hell, as oft as he hears Owen Glendower spoke of.

OWEN GLENDOWER.

I cannot blame him: at my nativity[1]
The front [2] of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
Of burning cressets;[3] and at my birth
The frame and huge foundation of the earth
Shaked like a coward.

HOTSPUR.

Why, so it would have done at the same season, if your mother's cat had but kitten'd, though yourself had never been born.

OWEN GLENDOWER.

I say the earth did shake when I was born.

HOTSPUR.

And I say the earth was not of my mind,
If you suppose as fearing you it shook.

OWEN GLENDOWER.

The heavens were all on fire, the earth did tremble.

[redacted]

O, then the earth shook to see the heavens on fire,
And not in fear of your nativity.
Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth
In strange eruptions; oft the teeming earth
Is with a kind of colic pincht and vext
By the imprisoning of unruly wind
Within her womb; which, for enlargement striving,[4]
Shakes the old beldam[5] earth, and topples down
Steeples and moss-grown towers. At your birth

---

[1] **my nativity:** the moment of my birth.
[2] **front:** brow; forehead.
[3] **cressets:** literally, open lamps used as beacon lights; here, a meteor shower.
[4] **for enlargement striving:** in its efforts to escape.
[5] **beldam:** grandmother.

Our grandam earth, having this distemperature,[1]
In passion[2] shook.

[redacted]

Cousin, of many men
I do not bear these crossings.[3] Give me leave
To tell you once again, that at my birth
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes;
The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds
Were strangely clamorous to the frighted fields.
These signs have markt me extraordinary;
And all the courses of my life do show
I am not in the roll[4] of common men.
Where is he living,—clipt in with[5] the sea
That chides[6] the banks of England, Scotland, Wales,—
Which calls me pupil,[7] or hath read to me?[8]
And bring him out that is but woman's son
Can trace me[9] in the tedious ways of art,[10]
And hold me pace[11] in deep[12] experiments.

[redacted]

I think there is no man speaks better Welsh.—
I'll to dinner.

[redacted]

Peace, cousin Percy; you will make him mad.

OWEN GLENDOWER.

I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

[redacted]

Why, so can I, or so can any man;
But will they come when you do call for them?

OWEN GLENDOWER.

Why, I can teach you, cousin, to command
The devil.

---

[1] distemperature: disorder; distemper. [2] passion: great suffering. [3] bear . . . crossings: tolerate these contradictions. [4] roll: roster. [5] clipt in with: surrounded by. [6] chides: beats against. [7] calls me pupil: is my teacher (master). [8] read to me: taught me. [9] trace me: follow me; equal me. [10] tedious . . . art: the difficult course of magic. [11] hold me pace: keep pace with me. [12] deep: occult.

[illegible]

And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the devil
By telling truth: tell truth, and shame the devil.—
If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither,
And I'll be sworn I have power to shame him hence.
O, while you live, tell truth, and shame the devil!

[illegible]

Come, come, no more of this unprofitable[1] chat.

OWEN GLENDOWER.

Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made head[2]
Against my power; thrice from the banks of Wye
And sandy-bottom'd Severn have I sent him
Bootless[3] home and weather-beaten back.

HOTSPUR.

Home without boots, and in foul weather too!
How scapes he agues,[4] in the devil's name?

OWEN GLENDOWER.

Come, here's the map: shall we divide our right[5]
According to our threefold order ta'en?[6]

EDMUND MORTIMER.

The archdeacon hath divided it
Into three limits[7] very equally:—
England, from Trent and Severn hitherto,
By south and east is to my part assign'd:
All westward, Wales beyond the Severn shore,
And all the fertile land within that bound,
To Owen Glendower:—and, dear coz, to you
The remnant northward, lying off from Trent.
And our indentures tripartite[8] are drawn;
Which being sealed interchangeably,[9]—
A business that this night may execute,—
To-morrow, cousin Percy, you, and I,

---

[1] unprofitable: useless. [2] made head: advanced. [3] Bootless: without profit. [4] agues: chills and fever. [5] our right: the land that is rightfully ours. [6] our threefold order ta'en: our agreement to divide the land into three equal parts. [7] limits: divisions. [8] indentures tripartite: contracts in triplicate. [9] sealed interchangeably: that is, signed by each one of us.

And my good Lord of Worcester, will set forth
To meet your father[1] and the Scottish power,
As is appointed us, at Shrewsbury.
My father Glendower is not ready yet,
Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days:—
[*to* GLENDOWER] Within that space you may have drawn together
Your tenants, friends, and neighbouring gentlemen.

OWEN GLENDOWER.

A shorter time shall send me to you, lords:
And in my conduct[2] shall your ladies come;
From whom you now must steal,[3] and take no leave,
For there will be a world of water[4] shed
Upon the parting of your wives and you.

[redacted]

Methinks my moiety,[5] north from Burton here,
In quantity equals not one of yours:
See how this river comes me cranking in,[6]
And cuts me from the best of all my land
A huge half-moon, a monstrous cantle[7] out.
I'll have the current in this place damm'd up;
And here the smug[8] and silver Trent shall run
In a new channel, fair and evenly:
It shall not wind with such a deep indent,[9]
To rob me of so rich a bottom[10] here.

OWEN GLENDOWER.

Not wind? it shall, it must; you see it doth.

EDMUND MORTIMER.

Yea, but
Mark how he[11] bears his course, and runs me up
With like advantage on the other side;
Gelding the opposed continent[12] as much

---

[1] **father**: father-in-law. [2] **conduct**: escort. [3] **steal**: steal away. [4] **water**: tears. [5] **moiety**: portion; share. [6] **comes me . . . in**: comes winding in upon my land. [7] **cantle**: section; piece. [8] **smug**: trim; smooth. [9] **indent**: indentation. [10] **bottom**: bottomland; valley. [11] **he**: it; the river. [12] **Gelding . . . continent**: taking away from the opposite shore line.

As on the other side it takes from you.

EARL OF WORCESTER.

Yea, but a little charge[1] will trench him[2] here,
And on this north side win this cape of land;
And then he runs straight and even.

HOTSPUR.

I'll have it so: a little charge will do it.

OWEN GLENDOWER.

I'll not have it alter'd.

[illegible]

Will not you?

OWEN GLENDOWER.

No, nor you shall not.

HOTSPUR.

Who shall say me nay?

OWEN GLENDOWER.

Why, that will I.

HOTSPUR.

Let me not understand you, then;
Speak it in Welsh.

OWEN GLENDOWER.

I can speak English, lord, as well as you;
For I was train'd up in the English court;
Where, being but young, I framed[3] to the harp
Many an English ditty lovely well,
And gave the tongue a helpful ornament,—
A virtue that was never seen in you.

HOTSPUR.

Marry,[4] and I am glad of it with all my heart:
I had rather be a kitten, and cry mew,
Than one of these same metre ballet-mongers;[5]
I had rather hear a brazen canstick[6] turn'd,
Or a dry wheel grate on the axletree;

---

[1] **charge:** cost; expense.
[2] **trench him:** turn the river into another channel.
[3] **framed:** composed.
[4] **Marry:** by the Virgin Mary.
[5] **metre ballet-mongers:** ballad-makers.
[6] **canstick:** candlestick.

And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,
Nothing so much as mincing[1] poetry:—
'Tis like the forced gait of a shuffling nag.

OWEN GLENDOWER.

Come, you shall have Trent turn'd.[2]

HOTSPUR.

I do not care: I'll give thrice so much land
To any well-deserving friend;
But in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
I'll cavil[3] on the ninth part of a hair.
Are the indentures drawn? shall we be gone?

[redacted]

The moon shines fair; you may away by night:
I'll in and haste the writer, and withal
Break with[4] your wives of your departure hence:
I am afraid my daughter will run mad,
So much she doteth on her Mortimer. [*Exit.*

EDMUND MORTIMER.

Fie, cousin Percy! how you cross my father!

HOTSPUR.

I cannot choose: sometime he angers me
With telling me of the moldwarp[5] and the ant,
Of the dreamer Merlin[6] and his prophecies,
And of a dragon and a finless fish,
A clip-wing'd griffin[7] and a moulten[8] raven,
A couching[9] lion and a ramping[10] cat,
And such a deal of skimble-skamble[11] stuff
As puts me from my faith.[12] I tell you what,—
He held me last night at least nine hours
In reckoning up the several devils' names
That were his lackeys: I cried 'hum,' and 'well, go to,'[13]
But markt[14] him not a word. O, he is as tedious

---

[1] mincing: affected. [2] turn'd: rechanneled (with a play on Hotspur's *turn'd*). [3] cavil: raise objections. [4] Break with: break the news to. [5] moldwarp: mole. [6] Merlin: the old magician at the Court of St. Arthur. [7] griffin: a fabled animal, half lion, half eagle. [8] moulten: moulting. [9] couching: crouching. [10] ramping: rampant; rearing to spring. [11] skimble-skamble: confused; nonsensical. [12] puts . . . faith: makes me lose my religion. [13] go to: is that so. [14] markt: heeded.

As a tired horse, a railing[1] wife;
Worse than a smoky house:—I had rather live
With cheese and garlic in a windmill, far,
Than feed on cates[2] and have him talk to me
In any summer-house[3] in Christendom.

EDMUND MORTIMER.

In faith, he is a worthy gentleman;
Exceedingly well-read, and profited.[4]
In strange concealments;[5] valiant as a lion,
And wondrous affable, and as bountiful
As mines of India. Shall I tell you, cousin?
He holds your temper in a high respect,
And curbs himself even of his natural scope[6]
When you do cross his humour;[7] faith, he does:
I warrant you, that man is not alive
Might so have tempted him as you have done,
Without the taste of danger and reproof:
But do not use it oft, let me entreat you.

EARL OF WORCESTER.

In faith, my lord, you are too wilful-blame;[8]
And since your coming hither have done enough
To put him quite beside his patience.
You must needs learn, lord, to amend this fault:
Though sometimes it show greatness, courage, blood,[9]—
And that's the dearest grace[10] it renders you,—
Yet oftentimes it doth present[11] harsh rage,
Defect of manners, want of government,[12]
Pride, haughtiness, opinion,[13] and disdain.
The least of which haunting a nobleman
Loseth men's hearts, and leaves behind a stain
Upon the beauty of all parts besides,
Beguiling[14] them of commendation.

---

[1] **railing:** scolding. [2] **cates:** delicacies. [3] **summer-house:** great country estate. [4] **profited:** proficient. [5] **concealments:** magic secrets. [6] **scope:** temperament. [7] **cross his humour:** upset him. [8] **too wilful-blame:** to be blamed for too-great willfulness. [9] **blood:** mettle. [10] **dearest grace:** highest honor. [11] **present:** show. [12] **want of government:** lack of self-control. [13] **opinion:** arrogance; self-conceit. [14] **Beguiling:** robbing.

HOTSPUR.

Well, I am school'd:[1] good manners be your speed! [2]
Here come our wives, and let us take our leave.

Enter GLENDOWER, *with the* LADIES.

EDMUND MORTIMER.

This is the deadly spite[3] that angers me,—
My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh.

OWEN GLENDOWER.

My daughter weeps: she will not part with you;
She'll be a soldier too, she'll to the wars.

EDMUND MORTIMER.

Good father, tell her that she and my aunt Percy[4]
Shall follow in your conduct speedily.

[GLENDOWER *speaks to her in Welsh, and she answers him in the same.*

OWEN GLENDOWER.

She is desperate here;[5] a peevish self-will'd harlotry,[6] one that no persuasion can do good upon.

[*The* LADY *speaks in Welsh.*

EDMUND MORTIMER.

I understand thy looks: that pretty Welsh[7]
Which thou pour'st down from these swelling heavens
I am too perfect in; and, but for shame,
In such a parley should I answer thee.[8]

[*The* LADY *speaks again in Welsh.*

I understand thy kisses, and thou mine,
And that's a feeling disputation:[9]
But I will never be a truant, love,
Till I have learn'd thy language; for thy tongue
Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penn'd,
Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower,
With ravishing division,[10] to her lute.

---

[1] **I am school'd:** I have had my lesson. [2] **be your speed:** bring you success. [3] **spite:** vexation. [4] **aunt Percy:** Shakespeare confuses Edmund Mortimer, with his nephew, the Earl of March. [5] **desperate here:** determined on this point. [6] **peevish . . . harlotry:** obstinate, silly girl. [7] **that pretty Welsh:** i.e., her tears. [8] **but for shame . . . thee:** that is, if it were not unmanly to cry, I would blend my tears with yours. [9] **feeling disputation:** stirring argument. [10] **division:** modulation.

OWEN GLENDOWER.

Nay, if you melt, then will she run quite mad.

[*The* LADY *speaks again in Welsh.*

EDMUND MORTIMER.

O, I am ignorance itself in this!

OWEN GLENDOWER.

She bids you on the wanton rushes[1] lay you down,
And rest your gentle head upon her lap,
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,
And on your eyelids crown the god of sleep,
Charming your blood [2] with pleasing heaviness;[3]
Making such difference 'twixt wake and sleep,
As is the difference betwixt day and night,
The hour before the heavenly-harness'd team[4]
Begins his golden progress in the east.

EDMUND MORTIMER.

With all my heart I'll sit and hear her sing:
By that time will our book,[5] I think, be drawn.

[illegible]

Do so;
And those musicians that shall play to you
Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence;
And straight they shall be here: sit, and attend.

[illegible]

Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying down: come, quick, quick, that I may lay my head in thy lap.

LADY PERCY.

Go, ye giddy goose. [*The music plays.*

[illegible]

Now I perceive the devil understands Welsh;
And 'tis no marvel he is so humorous.[6]
By'r lady, he is a good musician.

---

[1] **wanton rushes:** soft rushes (rushes were used for floor coverings). [2] **blood:** senses. [3] **heaviness:** drowsiness. [4] **heavenly-harness'd team:** the chariot and horses of the sun god. [5] **book:** contract (*indenture*) in triplicate. [6] **humorous:** capricious; full of odd whims.

LADY PERCY.

Then should you be nothing but musical; for you are altogether govern'd by humours. Lie still, ye thief, and hear the lady sing in Welsh.

HOTSPUR.

I had rather hear Lady, my brach,[1] howl in Irish.

LADY PERCY.

Wouldst thou have thy head broken?

HOTSPUR.

No.

LADY PERCY.

Then be still.

HOTSPUR.

Neither; 'tis a woman's fault.

LADY PERCY.

Now God help thee!

HOTSPUR.

To the Welsh lady's bed.

LADY PERCY.

What's that?

HOTSPUR.

Peace! she sings.

[*Here the* LADY *sings a Welsh song.*

Come, Kate, I'll have your song too.

LADY PERCY.

Not mine, in good sooth.

HOTSPUR.

Not yours, in good sooth! Heart! you swear like a comfit-maker's[2] wife. 'Not you, in good sooth;' and 'as true as I live;' and 'as God shall mend me;' and 'as sure as day;'
And givest such sarcenet[3] surety for thy oaths,
As if thou never walkst further than Finsbury.[4]

---

[1] my brach: my hound bitch.
[2] comfit-maker's: confectioner's.
[3] sarcenet: literally, finely woven silk; soft; insubstantial.
[4] Finsbury: recreational sporting area north of London (now a part of London).

Swear me, Kate, like a lady as thou art,
A good mouth-filling oath; and leave 'in sooth,'
And such protest of pepper-gingerbread,[1]
To velvet-guards[2] and Sunday-citizens.[3]
Come, sing.

LADY PERCY.

I will not sing.

[redacted]

'Tis the next way to turn tailor,[4] or be redbreast teacher.[5]
An[6] the indentures be drawn, I'll away within these two hours; and so, come in when ye will. [*Exit.*

OWEN GLENDOWER.

Come, come, Lord Mortimer; you are as slow
As hot Lord Percy is on fire to go.
By this[7] our book is drawn; we'll but seal,[8] and then
To horse immediately.

EDMUND MORTIMER.

With all my heart. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

London. The palace.

Enter KING HENRY, PRINCE HENRY, *and* LORDS.

[redacted]

Lords, give us leave; the Prince of Wales and I
Must have some private conference: but be near at hand,
For we shall presently have need of you.

[*Exeunt* LORDS.

---

[1] protest of pepper-gingerbread: i.e., mild swearing. [2] velvet-guards: wearers of gowns with velvet braid. [3] Sunday-citizens: that is, citizens dressed in their Sunday best. [4] tailor: tailors often sang as they sat, cross-legged, at their work. [5] redbreast teacher: a person who teaches caged birds to sing. [6] An: if. [7] By this: by this time. [8] seal: sign each copy of the contract.

I know not whether God will have it so,
For some displeasing service I have done,
That, in his secret doom,[1] out of my blood [2]
He'll breed revengement [3] and a scourge for me;
But thou dost, in thy passages of life,[4]
Make me believe that thou art only markt
For[5] the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven
To punish my mistreadings. Tell me else,
Could such inordinate and low desires,
Such poor, such base, such lewd,[6] such mean attempts,
Such barren pleasures, rude society,
As thou art matcht withal [7] and grafted to,
Accompany the greatness of thy blood,
And hold their level with thy princely heart?

PRINCE HENRY.

So please your majesty, I would I could
Quit[8] all offences with as clear excuse
As well as I am doubtless I can purge
Myself of many I am charged withal
Yet such extenuation[9] let me beg,
As, in reproof [10] of many tales devised,—
Which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear,—
By smiling pick-thanks[11] and base news-mongers,[12]
I may, for some things true, wherein my youth
Hath faulty wander'd and irregular,
Find pardon on my true submission.[13]

KING HENRY.

God pardon thee!—yet let me wonder, Harry,
At thy affections, which do hold a wing[14]
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.
Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,
Which by thy younger brother is supplied;

---

[1] doom: judgment. [2] out . . . blood: through one of my children. [3] revengement: revenge. [4] thy passages of life: the actions of your life. [5] markt/For: intended as. [6] lewd: base. [7] matcht withal: associated with [8] Quit: acquit myself of. [9] extenuation: forgiveness. [10] reproof: refutation. [11] pick-thanks: men who curry favor by spreading gossip. [12] news-mongers: gossips. [13] submission: confession. [14] hold a wing: fly a course.

And art almost an alien to the hearts
Of all the court and princes of my blood:
The hope and expectation of thy time
Is ruin'd; and the soul of every man
Prophetically do forethink thy fall.
Had I so lavish of my presence been,
So common-hackney'd [1] in the eyes of men,
So stale and cheap to vulgar company,—
Opinion,[2] that did help me to the crown,
Had still kept loyal to possession,[3]
And left me in reputeless[4] banishment,
A fellow of no mark nor likelihood.
By being seldom seen, I could not stir
But, like a comet, I was wonder'd at;
That men would tell their children, 'This is he;'
Others would say, 'Where, which is Bolingbroke?'
And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,[5]
And drest myself in such humility
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,
Even in the presence of the crowned king.
Thus did I keep my person fresh and new;
My presence, like a robe pontifical,[6]
Ne'er seen but wonder'd at: and so my state,
Seldom but sumptuous, show'd like a feast,
And won by rareness such solemnity.
The skipping[7] king, he ambled up and down
With shallow jesters and rash bavin[8] wits,
Soon kindled and soon burnt; carded [9] his state;
Mingled his royalty with capering fools;
Had his great name profaned with their scorns;
And gave his countenance, against his name,
To laugh at gibing boys, and stand the push[10]

---

[1] common-hackney'd: vulgarized. [2] Opinion: public, or popular, opinion. [3] loyal to possession: that is, loyal to Richard II. [4] reputeless: unknown. [5] stole . . . heaven: took upon myself a heavenly graciousness (modesty). [6] a robe pontifical: a bishop's robe. [7] skipping: flighty. [8] bavin: brushwood (quickly burned). [9] carded: debased; to *card* is to mix drinks. [10] stand the push: endured the jostling (verbal).

Of every beardless vain comparative;[1]
Grew a companion to the common streets,
Enfeoft himself [2] to popularity;[3]
That, being daily swallow'd by men's eyes,
They surfeited with honey, and began
To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little
More than a little is by much too much.
So, when he had occasion to be seen,
He was but as the cuckoo is in June,[4]
Heard, not regarded,—seen, but with such eyes
As, sick and blunted with community,[5]
Afford no extraordinary gaze,
Such as is bent on sun-like majesty
When it shines seldom in admiring eyes;
But rather drowzed, and hung their eyelids down,
Slept in his face and render'd such aspect
As cloudy[6] men use to their adversaries,
Being with his presence glutted, gorged, and full.
And in that very line,[7] Harry, stand'st thou;
For thou hast lost thy princely privilege
With vile participation:[8] not an eye
But is a-weary of thy common sight,
Save mine, which hath desired to see thee more;
Which now doth that I would not have it do,—
Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.

PRINCE HENRY.

I shall hereafter, my thrice-gracious lord,
Be more myself.

KING HENRY.

For all the world,
As thou art to this hour,[9] was Richard then
When I from France set foot at Ravenspurg;
And even as I was then is Percy now.

---

[1] **every beardless . . . comparative:** every boy who tried to be a wit at his (Richard's) expense. [2] **Enfeoft himself:** gave himself up completely. [3] **popularity:** common people. [4] **cuckoo is in June:** the cuckoo commonly made its appearance in Europe the last of April and migrated in July. [5] **community:** familiarity. [6] **cloudy:** sullen; frowning. [7] **line:** position. [8] **vile participation:** association with base companions. [9] **to this hour:** up to now.

Now, by my sceptre, and my soul to boot,[1]
He hath more worthy interest to[2] the state
Than thou, the shadow of succession;[3]
For, of no right, nor colour[4] like to right,
He doth fill fields with harness[5] in the realm;
Turns head against the lion's armed jaws;
And, being no more in debt to years than thou,[6]
Leads ancient lords and reverend bishops on
To bloody battles and to bruising arms.
What never-dying honour hath he got
Against renowned Douglas! whose high deeds,
Whose hot incursions, and great name in arms,
Holds from all soldiers chief majority
And military title capital
Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Christ:
Thrice hath this Hotspur, Mars in swathling[7] clothes,
This infant warrior, in his enterprises
Discomfited great Douglas: ta'en him once,
Enlarged [8] him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deep defiance up,[9]
And shake the peace and safety of our throne.
And what say you to this? Percy, Northumberland,
The Archbishop's Grace of York, Douglas Mortimer,
Capitulate[10] against us, and are up.[11]
But wherefore do I tell these news to thee?
Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my near'st and dearest enemy?
Thou that art like enough,—through vassal [12] fear,
Base inclination, and the start of spleen,—[13]

---

[1] to boot: in addition. [2] interest to: claim to. [3] shadow of succession: Prince Hal will inherit through a usurper. [4] colour: pretext. [5] harness: armor. [6] being . . . thou: Hotspur, in reality, was four years older than King Henry. [7] swathling: swaddling. [8] Enlarged: released. [9] To fill . . . up: to proclaim his defiance to the world. [10] Capitulate: are leagued by agreement. [11] up: up in arms. [12] vassal: ignoble. [13] the start of spleen: irrational impulses.

To fight against me under Percy's pay,
To dog his heels, and court'sy at his frowns,
To show how much thou art degenerate.

[redacted]

Do not think so; you shall not find it so:
And God forgive them that so much have sway'd
Your majesty's good thoughts away from me!
I will redeem all this on Percy's head,
And, in the closing of some glorious day,
Be bold to tell you that I am your son;
When I will wear a garment all of blood,
And stain my favours[1] in a bloody mask,
Which, washt away, shall scour my shame with it:
And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,
That this same child of honour and renown,
This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight,
And your unthought-of [2] Harry, chance to meet.
For every honour sitting on his helm,
Would they were multitudes, and on my head
My shames redoubled! for the time will come,
That I shall make this northern youth exchange
His glorious deeds for my indignities.[3]
Percy is but my factor,[4] good my lord,
To engross up[5] glorious deeds on my behalf;
And I will call him to so strict account,
That he shall render every glory up,
Yea, even the slightest worship[6] of his time,
Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.
This, in the name of God, I promise here:
The which if He be pleased I shall perform,
I do beseech your majesty, may salve
The long-grown wounds of my intemperance:[7]

---

[1] favours: features. [2] unthought-of: ill-thought-of. [3] indignities: present disgrace. [4] factor: agent. [5] engross up: collect; buy up wholesale. [6] worship: honor. [7] intemperance: excesses.

If not, the end of life cancels all bands;[1]
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths
Ere break the smallest parcel [2] of this vow.

KING HENRY.

A hundred thousand rebels die in this:[3]—
Thou shalt have charge[4] and sovereign trust[5] herein.

Enter SIR WALTER BLUNT.

How now, good Blunt! thy looks are full of speed.

SIR WALTER BLUNT.

So hath the business that I come to speak of.
Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word
That Douglas and the English rebels met
The eleventh of this month at Shrewsbury:
A mighty and a fearful head [6] they are,
If promises be kept on every hand,
As ever offer'd foul play in a state.

KING HENRY.

The Earl of Westmoreland set forth to-day;
With him my son, Lord John of Lancaster
For this advertisement[7] is five days old:—
On Wednesday next, Harry, you shall set forward;
On Thursday we ourselves will march:
Our meeting is Bridgenorth: and, Harry, you
Shall march through Glostershire; by which account,
Our business valued,[8] some twelve days hence
Our general forces at Bridgenorth shall meet.
Our hands are full of business: let's away;
Advantage feeds him fat, while men delay.[9] [*Exeunt.*

---

[1] **bands:** bonds. [2] **parcel:** portion. [3] **in this:** because of your resolution. [4] **charge:** command. [5] **sovereign trust:** the highest responsibility. [6] **head:** force. [7] **advertisement:** information. [8] **valued:** being considered. [9] **Advantage . . . delay:** advantage grows lazy while we delay.

Scene III.

Eastcheap. The Boar's-Head Tavern.

Enter FALSTAFF *and* BARDOLPH.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

Bardolph, am I not fall'n away vilely since this last action? do I not bate?[1] do I not dwindle? Why, my skin hangs about me like an old lady's loose gown; I am wither'd like an old apple-john.[2] Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly,[3] while I am in some liking; I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. An[4] I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a peppercorn,[5] a brewer's horse:[6] the inside of a church! Company, villainous company, hath been the spoil of me.

[redacted]

Sir John, you are so fretful, you cannot live long.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

Why, there is it:—come, sing me a bawdy song; make me merry. I was as virtuously given as a gentleman need to be; virtuous enough; swore little; diced not above seven times a week; went to a bawdy-house not above once in a quarter—of an hour; paid money that I borrow'd—three or four times; lived well, and in good compass:[7] and now I live out of all order, out of all compass.

BARDOLPH.

Why, you are so fat, Sir John, that you must needs be out of all compass,—out of all reasonable compass, Sir John.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my life: thou art

---

[1] **bate:** abate; grow thinner. [2] **apple-john:** an apple that shrivels quickly. [3] **suddenly:** very soon. [4] **An:** if. [5] **peppercorn:** dried pepper berries. [6] **brewer's horse:** a thin, overworked old nag. [7] **in good compass:** in an orderly way.

our admiral,[1] thou bearest the lantern in the poop,[2]—but 'tis in the nose of thee; thou art the Knight of the Burning Lamp.

[illegible]

Why, Sir John, my face does you no harm.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

No, I'll be sworn; I make as good use of it as many a man doth of a death's-head or a *memento mori*:[3] I never see thy face but I think upon hell-fire, and Dives[4] that lived in purple; for there he is in his robes, burning, burning. If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would swear by thy face; my oath should be, 'By this fire, that's God's angel:' but thou art altogether given over;[5] and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the son of utter darkness. When thou ran'st up Gadshill in the night to catch my horse, if I did not think thou hadst been an *ignis fatuus*[6] or a ball of wildfire, there's no purchase in money. O, thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire-light! Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links[7] and torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern: but the sack that thou hast drunk me would have bought me lights as good cheap at the dearest chandler's[8] in Europe. I have maintain'd that salamander[9] of yours with fire any time this two-and-thirty years; God reward me for it!

BARDOLPH.

'Sblood, I would my face were in your belly!

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

God-a-mercy! so should I be sure to be heart-burn'd.

---

[1] admiral: flagship. [2] thou . . . poop: an allusion to Bardolph's red nose. [3] a *memento mori*: a reminder of death, usually a ring on which was engraved a skull and crossbones. [4] Dives: *see* Luke 16:19-31—the parable of Dives and Lazarus. [5] given over: given over to sin. [6] *ignis fatuus*: will-o'-the-wisp. [7] links: small torches carried in the streets to light the way. [8] dearest chandler's: most expensive candlemaker's. [9] salamander: a lizard supposed to live in fire.

Enter HOSTESS.

How now, Dame Partlet [1] the hen! have you inquired yet who pickt my pocket?

[redacted]

Why, Sir John, what do you think, Sir John? do you think I keep thieves in my house? I have searcht, I have inquired, so has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, servant by servant: the tithe[2] of a hair was never lost in my house before.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

Ye lie, hostess: Bardolph was shaved, and lost many a hair; and I'll be sworn my pocket was pickt. Go to, you are a woman, go.

[redacted]

Who, I? no; I defy thee: God's light, I was never call'd so in mine own house before.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

Go to, I know you well enough.

[redacted]

No, Sir John; you do not know me, Sir John. I know you, Sir John: you owe me money, Sir John; and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it.[3] I bought you a dozen of shirts to your back.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

Dowlas,[4] filthy dowlas: I have given them away to bakers' wives, and they have made bolters[5] of them.

HOSTESS.

Now, as I am a true woman, holland of eight shillings an ell.[6] You owe money here besides, Sir John, for your diet and by-drinkings,[7] and money lent you, four-and-twenty pound.

---

[1] Dame Partlet: the name of the hen in "Reynard the Fox."
[2] tithe: tenth part.
[3] beguile me of it: cheat me out of it.
[4] Dowlas: coarse linen.
[5] bolters: sieves for sifting meal or flour.
[6] holland . . . ell: fine linen costing 8 shillings for 45 inches.
[7] by-drinkings: drinks between meals.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

He had his part of it; let him pay.

HOSTESS.

He? alas, he is poor; he hath nothing.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

How! poor? look upon his face; what call you rich? let them coin his nose, let them coin his cheeks: I'll not pay a denier.[1] What, will you make a younker[2] of me? shall I not take mine ease in mine inn, but I shall have my pocket pickt? I have lost a seal-ring of my grandfather's worth forty mark.

HOSTESS.

O Jesu, I have heard the prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that ring was copper!

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

How! the prince is a Jack,[3] a sneak-cup:[4] 'sblood, an he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would say so.

Enter the PRINCE *and* POINTZ, *marching, and* FALSTAFF *meets them, playing on his truncheon*[5] *like a fife.*

How now, lad! is the wind in that door,[6] i' faith? must we all march?

BARDOLPH.

Yea, two and two, Newgate-fashion.[7]

HOSTESS.

My lord, I pray you, hear me.

PRINCE HENRY.

What say'st thou, Mistress Quickly! How doth thy husband? I love him well; he is an honest man.

HOSTESS.

Good my lord, hear me.

---

[1] **denier:** the tenth part of a penny. [2] **younker:** young greenhorn. [3] **Jack:** knave (a term of contempt). [4] **sneak-cup:** sneak. [5] ***truncheon:*** a rod or staff. [6] **is . . . door:** is that the way the wind blows. [7] **Newgate-fashion:** that is, the way prisoners were shackled together in Newgate Prison.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

Prithee, let her alone, and list to me.

PRINCE HENRY.

What say'st thou, Jack?

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

The other night I fell asleep here behind the arras, and had my pocket pickt: this house is turn'd bawdy-house; they pick pockets.

PRINCE HENRY.

What didst thou lose, Jack?

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

Wilt thou believe me, Hal? three or four bonds of forty pound a-piece, and a seal-ring of my grandfather's.

PRINCE HENRY.

A trifle, some eight-penny matter.

HOSTESS.

So I told him, my lord; and I said I heard your Grace say so: and, my lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouth'd man as he is; and said he would cudgel you.

PRINCE HENRY.

What! he did not?

HOSTESS.

There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

There's no more faith in thee than in a stew'd prune;[1] nor no more truth in thee than in a drawn fox;[2] and for woman-hood, Maid Marian[3] may be the deputy's wife of the ward[4] to thee.[5] Go, you thing, go.

HOSTESS.

Say, what thing? what thing?

---

[1] a stew'd prune: a procurer.

[2] drawn fox: a fox lured by hunters from his cover.

[3] Maid Marian: the companion of an outlaw (Robin Hood), and therefore not respectable.

[4] deputy's . . . ward: a highly respected woman.

[5] to thee: compared with you.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

What thing! why, a thing to thank God on.[1]

[redacted]

I am no thing to thank God on, I would thou shouldst know it; I am an honest man's wife: and, setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

HOSTESS.

Say, what beast, thou knave, thou?

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

What beast! why, an otter.

PRINCE HENRY.

An otter, Sir John! why an otter?

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

Why, she's neither fish nor flesh; a man knows not where to have her.[2]

HOSTESS.

Thou art an unjust man in saying so: thou or any man knows where to have me, thou knave, thou!

PRINCE HENRY.

Thou say'st true, hostess; and he slanders thee most grossly.

HOSTESS.

So he doth you, my lord; and said this other day you ought[3] him a thousand pound.

PRINCE HENRY.

Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

A thousand pound, Hal! a million: thy love is worth a million; thou owest me thy love.

---

[1] on: for.

[2] where to have her: that is, whether or not it may be eaten on fast days.

[3] ought: owed.

[illegible]

Nay, my lord, he call'd you Jack, and said he would cudgel you.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

Did I, Bardolph?

[illegible]

Indeed, Sir John, you said so.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

Yea,—if he said my ring was copper.

[illegible]

I say 'tis copper: darest thou be as good as thy word now?

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

Why, Hal, thou know'st, as thou art but man, I dare; but as thou art prince, I fear thee as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.[1]

[illegible]

And why not as the lion?

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

The king himself is to be fear'd as the lion: dost thou think I'll fear thee as I fear thy father? nay, an[2] I do, I pray God my girdle[3] break.

[illegible]

O, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees! But, sirrah, there's no room for faith, truth, nor honesty in this bosom of thine,—it is all fill'd up with guts and midriff. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket! why, thou whoreson, impudent, embost[4] rascal, if there were anything in thy pocket but tavern-reckonings, memorandums of bawdy-houses, and one poor pennyworth of sugar-candy to make thee long-winded,—if thy pocket were enricht with any other

---

[1] prince . . . whelp: "The fear of a king is as the roaring of a lion"—Proverbs, 20:2.

[2] an: if.

[3] girdle: sword belt; an allusion to the proverb, "Ungirt, unblessed."

[4] embost: swollen.

injuries[1] but these, I am a villain: and yet you will stand to it;[2] you will not pocket-up wrong:[3] art thou not ashamed?

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

Dost thou hear, Hal? thou know'st in the state of innocency Adam fell; and what should poor Jack Falstaff do in the days of villainy? Thou seest I have more flesh than another man; and therefore more frailty. You confess, then, you pickt my pocket?

PRINCE HENRY.

It appears so by the story.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

Hostess, I forgive thee: go, make ready breakfast; love thy husband, look to thy servants, cherish thy guests: thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason; thou seest I am pacified still.[4]—Nay, prithee, be gone. [*Exit* Hostess.] Now, Hal, to the news at court: for the robbery, lad,—how is that answer'd?[5]

PRINCE HENRY.

O, my sweet beef, I must still be good angel to thee:—the money is paid back again.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

O, I do not like that paying back; 'tis a double labour.

PRINCE HENRY.

I am good friends with my father, and may do any thing.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou dost, and do it with unwasht hands[6] too.

---

[1] injuries: things that it would be painful to lose. [2] stand to it: stick to your story. [3] pocket-up wrong: endure wrong without protest. [4] still: always. [5] answer'd: taken care of. [6] with unwasht hands: immediately (without waiting to wash your hands).

[illegible]

Do, my lord.

PRINCE HENRY.

I have procured thee, Jack, a charge of foot.[1]

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

I would it had been of horse. Where shall I find one that can steal well? O, for a fine thief, of the age of two-and-twenty or thereabouts! I am heinously unprovided. Well, God be thankt for these rebels,—they offend none but the virtuous: I laud them, I praise them.

PRINCE HENRY.

Bardolph,—

BARDOLPH.

My lord?

PRINCE HENRY.

Go bear this letter to Lord John of Lancaster, to my brother John; this to my Lord of Westmoreland. [*Exit* BARDOLPH.] Go, Pointz, to horse, to horse; for thou and I have thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner-time. [*Exit* POINTZ.] Jack, meet me to-morrow in the Temple-hall at two o'clock in the afternoon: There shalt thou know thy charge; and there receive
Money and order for their furniture.[2]
The land is burning; Percy stands on high;
And either we or they must lower lie. [*Exit.*

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

Rare words! brave[3] world!—Hostess, my breakfast; come:—
O, I could wish this tavern were my drum! [4] [*Exit.*

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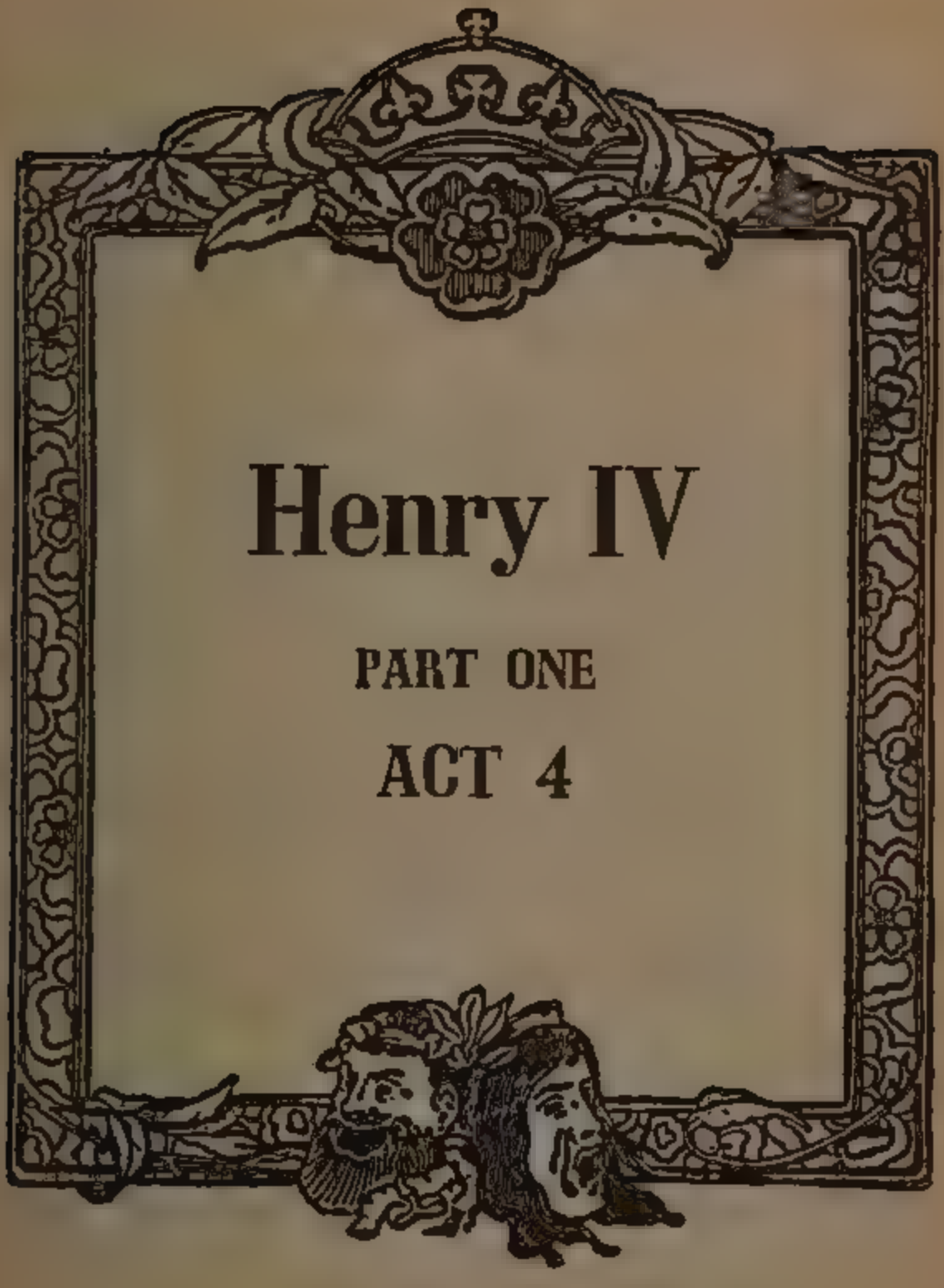
[1] **a charge of foot:** an infantry command.
[2] **furniture:** equipment.
[3] **brave:** excellent; fine.
[4] **drum:** recruiting station.



Henry IV

PART ONE

ACT 4

ACT IV

In this act the various threads are drawn toward the battle at Shrewsbury, which will be the crucial test of Hal's undertaking. In the rebel camp, the disintegration hinted at in the preceding act grows to disastrous proportions through the withdrawl of Northumberland and Glendower. The former significantly ascribes his retirement to "inward sickness," emphasizing the hollow nature of the whole conspiracy. Thus, though Hotspur still tries to assert his control by a passionate force of will, he, too, succumbs to a growing sense of futility: "Doomsday is near; die all, die merrily." The comment is a suitable introduction to the next scene, a gruesomely humorous episode in which Falstaff, ever the tutor, reminds us of the war's callous indifference to human lives and values. When Hal's subscription to the war prompts complaints about the unworthiness of Falstaff's men, the latter retorts by reflecting on the royal aim itself: "food for powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit as well as better; tush, man, mortal men, mortal men." But if the comment is a reminder for Hal, it reflects chiefly on Henry's failure to achieve peace—a failure which the next scene suggests is based on the rebels' well-founded suspicion of his word.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The rebel camp near Shrewsbury.

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, *and* DOUGLAS.

HOTSPUR.

Well said, my noble Scot: if speaking truth
In this fine age were not thought flattery,
Such attribution[1] should the Douglas have,
As not a soldier of this season's stamp[2]
Should go so general current[3] through the world.
By God, I cannot flatter; I defy[4]
The tongues of soothers; but a braver place
In my heart's love hath no man than yourself:
Nay, task to my word;[5] approve me,[6] lord.

EARL OF DOUGLAS.

Thou art the king of honour:
No man so potent[7] breathes upon the ground
But I will beard him.[8]

HOTSPUR.

Do so, and 'tis well.—

Enter a MESSENGER *with letters.*

What letters hast thou there?—I can but thank you.

MESSENGER.

These letters come from your father.

HOTSPUR.

Letters from him! why comes he not himself?

MESSENGER.

He cannot come, my lord; he is grievous sick.

HOTSPUR.

Zounds! how has he the leisure to be sick
In such a justling[9] time? Who leads his power?
Under whose government come they along?

---

[1] **attribution:** praise; reputation. [2] **stamp:** minting. [3] **go so general current:** be so generally acceptable (widely circulated). [4] **defy:** despise. [5] **task . . . word:** test my word. [6] **approve me:** prove me by trial. [7] **potent:** powerful. [8] **beard him:** encounter him boldly; "beard the lion in his den." [9] **justling:** jostling; quarrelsome.

His letters bear his mind, not I, my lord.

EARL OF WORCESTER.

I prithee, tell me, doth he keep his bed?

He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth;
And at the time of my departure thence
He was much fear'd [1] by his physicians.

EARL OF WORCESTER.

I would the state of time[2] had first been whole
Ere he by sickness had been visited:
His health was never better worth[3] than now.

HOTSPUR.

Sick now! droop now! this sickness doth infect
The very life-blood of our enterprise;
'Tis catching hither, even to our camp.—
He writes me here, that inward sickness,—
And that his friends by deputation could not
So soon be drawn;[4] nor did he think it meet
To lay so dangerous and dear[5] a trust
On any soul removed,[6] but on his own.
Yet doth he give us bold advertisement,[7]
That with our small conjunction[8] we should on,[9]
To see how fortune is disposed to us;
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,
Because the king is certainly possest[10]
Of all our purposes. What say you to it?

EARL OF WORCESTER.

Your father's sickness is a maim to us.

A perilous gash, a very limb lopt off:—
And yet, in faith, it is not; his present want[11]
Seems more than we shall find it:—were it good

---

[1] fear'd: feared for. [2] state of time: the present state of affairs. [3] better worth: worth more. [4] drawn: drawn together. [5] dear: important. [6] removed: not personally involved. [7] advertisement: advice. [8] conjunction: assembled forces. [9] on: go ahead. [10] is certainly possest: has certainly been informed. [11] his present want: our present need of him.

To set the exact wealth of all our states
All at one cast? to set so rich a main[1]
On the nice hazard[2] of one doubtful hour?
It were not good; for therein should we read
The very bottom and the soul of hope,[3]
The very list,[4] the very utmost bound
Of all our fortunes.

EARL OF DOUGLAS.

Faith, and so we should;
Where now remains a sweet reversion;[5]
We may boldly spend upon the hope of what
Is to come in:
A comfort of retirement[6] lives in this.

[redacted]

A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,
If that the devil and mischance look big[7]
Upon the maidenhead of our affairs.

EARL OF WORCESTER.

But yet I would your father had been here.
The quality and hair[8] of our attempt
Brooks[9] no division: it will be thought
By some, that know not why he is away,
That wisdom, loyalty, and mere[10] dislike
Of our proceedings, kept the earl from hence:
And think how such an apprehension
May turn the tide of fearful faction,[11]
And breed a kind of question in our cause;
For well you know we of the offering[12] side
Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement,[13]
And stop all sight-holes, every loop from whence
The eye of reason may pry in upon us:
This absence of your father's draws[14] a curtain,

---

[1] main: stake. [2] nice hazard: dubious risk. [3] The . . . hope: the end of all we hope for. [4] list: limit. [5] reversion: hope of future possession. [6] A comfort of retirement: a place to which we can retreat for comfort. [7] look big: threaten. [8] hair: nature. [9] Brooks: tolerates. [10] mere: downright. [11] faction: rebellion. [12] offering: offensive. [13] arbitrement: judicial inquiry. [14] draws: draws aside.

That shows the ignorant a kind of fear
Before not dreamt of.

HOTSPUR.

You strain too far.[1]
I, rather, of his absence make this use:—
It lends a lustre and more great opinion,[2]
A larger dare[3] to our great enterprise,
Than if the earl were here; for men must think,
If we, without his help, can make a head [4]
To push against a kingdom, with his help
We shall o'erturn it topsy-turvy down.—
Yet[5] all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.

EARL OF DOUGLAS.

As heart can think: there is not such a word
Spoke of in Scotland as this term of fear.

Enter SIR RICHARD VERNON.

HOTSPUR.

My cousin Vernon! welcome, by my soul.

SIR RICHARD VERNON.

Pray God my news be worth a welcome, lord.
The Earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,
Is marching hitherwards; with him Prince John.

HOTSPUR.

No harm:—what more?

SIR RICHARD VERNON.

And further, I have learn'd,
The king himself in person is set forth,
Or hitherwards intended [6] speedily,
With strong and mighty preparation.

HOTSPUR.

He shall be welcome too. Where is his son,
The nimble-footed madcap Prince of Wales,

---

[1] strain too far: make too much of it.
[2] opinion: reputation.
[3] dare: daring.
[4] make a head: raise an army.
[5] Yet: as yet.
[6] intended: intends to march.

And his comrades, that daft[1] the world aside,
And bid it pass?

SIR RICHARD VERNON.

All furnisht,[2] all in arms;
All plumed like estridges[3] that wing the wind;
Bated[4] like eagles having lately bathed;
Glittering in golden coats, like images,[5]
As full of spirit as the month of May,
And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer;
Wanton[6] as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.
I saw young Harry,—with his beaver[7] on,
His cuisses[8] on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,—
Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,[9]
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
As if an angel dropt down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,[10]
And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

HOTSPUR.

No more, no more: worse than the sun in March,
This praise doth nourish agues. Let them come;
They come like sacrifices in their trim,[11]
And to the fire-eyed maid of smoky war,
All hot and bleeding, will we offer them:
The mailed Mars[12] shall on his altar sit
Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire
To hear this rich reprisal[13] is so nigh,
And yet not ours.—Come, let me taste my horse,
Who is to bear me, like a thunderbolt,
Against the bosom of the Prince of Wales:
Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse,
Meet, and ne'er part till one drop down a corse.—
O, that Glendower were come!

---

[1] daft: doffed; thrust. [2] furnisht: in full armor. [3] estridges: ostriches. [4] Bated: fluttering their wings. [5] images: statues. [6] Wanton: frisky; playful. [7] beaver: helmet visor. [8] cuisses: thigh armor. [9] Mercury: the winged messenger of the gods. [10] Pegasus: a winged horse in Greek mythology. [11] trim: gallant array. [12] mailed Mars: the god of war in armor. [13] reprisal: prize.

SIR RICHARD VERNON.

There is more news:
I learn'd in Worcester, as I rode along,
He cannot draw[1] his power this fourteen days.

EARL OF DOUGLAS.

That's the worst tidings that I hear of yet.

EARL OF WORCESTER.

Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty sound.

HOTSPUR.

What may the king's whole battle[2] reach unto?

SIR RICHARD VERNON.

To thirty thousand.

HOTSPUR.

Forty let it be:
My father and Glendower being both away,
The powers of us may serve so great a day.
Come, let us take a muster[3] speedily:
Doomsday is near; die all, die merrily.

EARL OF DOUGLAS.

Talk not of dying: I am out of[4] fear
Of death or death's hand for this one half-year.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

A public road near Coventry.

Enter FALSTAFF *and* BARDOLPH.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry; fill me a bottle of sack: our soldiers shall march through; we'll to Sutton-Co'fil'[5] to-night.

---

[1] draw: bring together. [2] battle: army. [3] take a muster: count our numbers. [4] out of: free from. [5] Sutton-Co'fil': Sutton Coldfield, a town 24 miles from Coventry.

BARDOLPH.

Will you give me money, captain?

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

Lay out,[1] lay out.

BARDOLPH.

This bottle makes an angel.[2]

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

An if it do, take it for thy labour; and if it make twenty, take them all; I'll answer the coinage.[3] Bid my lieutenant Peto meet me at town's end.

BARDOLPH.

I will, captain: farewell. [*Exit.*

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a soused gurnet.[4] I have misused the king's press damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I press[5] me none but good householders, yeomen's sons; inquire me out contracted bachelors, such as had been askt twice on the banns;[6] such a commodity[7] of warm slaves[8] as had as lieve hear the devil as a drum; such as fear the report of a caliver[9] worse than a struck fowl or a hurt wild-duck. I prest me none but such toasts-and-butter,[10] with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins'-heads, and they have bought out their services; and now my whole charge consists of ancients,[11] corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth,[12] where the glutton's dogs lickt his sores; and such as, indeed, were never soldiers, but discarded unjust serving-men, younger sons to younger brothers, revolted tapsters, and ostlers trade-fall'n; the cankers of a calm world and a long peace; ten times more dishonourable ragged than an old-

---

[1] **Lay out:** pay for it yourself. [2] **makes an angel:** adds up to 10 shillings you owe me. [3] **answer the coinage:** take responsibility for the counterfeit. [4] **soused gurnet:** pickled fish. [5] **press:** conscript. [6] **askt . . . banns:** the banns had been read in church twice: three times were necessary before the marriage ceremony. [7] **commodity:** lot. [8] **warm slaves:** ease-loving citizens. [9] **caliver:** musket. [10] **toasts-and-butter:** Cockneys. [11] **ancients:** standard-bearers. [12] **Lazarus . . . cloth:** a tapestry of Lazarus, *see* Luke 16:19-31.

faced ancient: and such have I, to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their services,[1] that you would think that I had a hundred and fifty tatter'd prodigals lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draff and husks.[2] A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me I had unloaded all the gibbets, and prest the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scarecrows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat:—nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves[3] on; for, indeed, I had the most of them out of prison. There's but a shirt and a half in all my company; and the half-shirt is two napkins[4] tackt together and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's coat without sleeves; and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host at Saint Albans, or the red-nose innkeeper of Daventry.[5] But that's all one;[6] they'll find linen enough on every hedge.[7]

Enter the PRINCE *and* WESTMORELAND.

PRINCE HENRY.

How now, blown Jack! how now, quilt![8]

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

What, Hal! how now, mad wag! what a devil dost thou in Warwickshire?—My good Lord of Westmoreland, I cry you mercy:[9] I thought your honour had already been at Shrewsbury.

EARL OF WESTMORELAND.

Faith, Sir John, 'tis more than time that I were there, and you too; but my powers are there already. The king, I can tell you, looks for us all: we must away all night.[10]

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

Tut, never fear me: I am as vigilant as a cat to steal cream.

---

[1] bought . . . services: that is, paid Falstaff to hire others in their places (*rooms*). [2] draff and husks: refuse and husks; see the parable of the Prodigal Son—Luke 15:16. [3] gyves: fetters. [4] napkins: handkerchiefs. [5] Saint Albans . . . Daventry: stops on the main road from London to Shrewsbury. [6] that's all one: it doesn't matter. [7] linen . . . hedge: linen spread on the hedges to dry. [8] blown . . . quilt: insulting references to Falstaff's well-padded figure. [9] cry you mercy: beg your pardon. [10] away all night: travel all night.

[redacted]

I think, to steal cream, indeed; for thy theft hath already made thee butter. But tell me, Jack, whose fellows are these that come after?

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

Mine, Hal, mine.

PRINCE HENRY.

I did never see such pitiful rascals.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

Tut, tut; good enough to toss;[1] food for powder,[2] food for powder; they'll fill a pit as well as better: tush, man, mortal men, mortal men.

EARL OF WESTMORELAND.

Ay, but, Sir John, methinks they are exceeding poor and bare,—too beggarly.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

Faith, for their poverty, I know not where they had that; and for their bareness, I am sure they never learn'd that of [redacted]

PRINCE HENRY.

No, I'll be sworn; unless you call three fingers on the ribs[3] bare. But, sirrah, make haste: Percy is already in the field. [*Exit.*

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

What, is the king encampt?

EARL OF WESTMORELAND.

He is, Sir John: I fear we shall stay[4] too long. [*Exit.*

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

Well,

To the latter end of a fray and the beginning of a feast[5]
Fits a dull fighter and a keen guest. [*Exit.*

---

[1] to toss: to impale on a pike. [2] food for powder: cannon fodder. [3] three fingers . . . ribs: three fingers' thickness of fat (one and a quarter inches). [4] stay: tarry. [5] To the latter end . . . feast: from an old Heywood *proverbe*: "To th' end of a shot and beginning of a fray."

Scene III.

The rebel camp near Shrewsbury.

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, DOUGLAS, *and* VERNON.

HOTSPUR.
We'll fight with him to-night.
EARL OF WORCESTER.
It may not be.
EARL OF DOUGLAS.
You give him, then, advantage.
SIR RICHARD VERNON.
Not a whit.
HOTSPUR.
Why say you so? looks he not for supply? [1]
SIR RICHARD VERNON.
So do we.
HOTSPUR.
His is certain, ours is doubtful.
EARL OF WORCESTER.
Good cousin, be advised;[2] stir not to-night.
SIR RICHARD VERNON.
Do not, my lord.
EARL OF DOUGLAS.
You do not counsel well:
You speak it out of fear and cold heart.
SIR RICHARD VERNON.
Do me no slander, Douglas: by my life,—
And I dare well maintain it with my life,—
If well-respected [3] honour bid me on,
I hold as little counsel with weak fear
As you, my lord, or any Scot that this day lives:—
Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle

---

[1] supply: reinforcements.
[2] be advised: take my advice.
[3] well-respected: well-considered (not rash).

Which of us fears.

EARL OF DOUGLAS.

Yea, or to-night.

SIR RICHARD VERNON.

Content.

HOTSPUR.

To-night, say I.

SIR RICHARD VERNON.

Come, come, it may not be. I wonder much,
Being men of such great leading[1] as you are,
That you foresee not what impediments[2]
Drag back our expedition:[3] certain horse[4]
Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up:
Your uncle Worcester's horse came but to-day;
And now their pride and mettle is asleep,
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,
That not a horse is half the half of himself.

HOTSPUR.

So are the horses of the enemy
In general, journey-bated[5] and brought low:
The better part of ours are full of rest.

EARL OF WORCESTER.

The number of the king exceedeth ours:
For God's sake, cousin, stay till all come in.

[*The trumpet sounds a parley.*[6]

Enter SIR WALTER BLUNT.

SIR WALTER BLUNT.

I come with gracious offers from the king,
If you vouchsafe me hearing and respect.[7]

HOTSPUR.

Welcome, Sir Walter Blunt; and would to God
You were of our determination![8]
Some of us love you well; and even those some
Envy your great deservings and good name,

---

[1] **of such great leading:** so experienced in military leadership. [2] **impediments:** hindrances. [3] **expedition:** speed. [4] **horse:** cavalry. [5] **journey-bated:** travel-weary; exhausted (abated) by their long march. [6] ***parley:*** a trumpet call to cease fire for a parley. [7] **respect:** respectful attention. [8] **of our determination:** of our way of thinking; on our side.

Because you are not of our quality,[1]
But stand against us like an enemy.

SIR WALTER BLUNT.

And God defend[2] but still I should stand so,
So long as out of limit and true rule[3]
You stand against anointed majesty!
But, to my charge! [4]—The king hath sent to know
The nature of your griefs;[5] and whereupon
You conjure from the breast of civil peace
Such bold hostility, teaching his duteous land
Audacious cruelty. If that the king
Have any way your good deserts forgot,
Which he confesseth to be manifold,
He bids you name your griefs; and with all speed
You shall have your desires with interest,
And pardon absolute for yourself and these
Herein misled by your suggestion.[6]

HOTSPUR.

The king is kind; and well we know the king
Knows at what time to promise, when to pay.
My father and my uncle and myself
Did give him that same royalty he wears;
And when he was not six-and-twenty strong,[7]
Sick in the world's regard,[8] wretched and low,
A poor unminded [9] outlaw sneaking home,
My father gave him welcome to the shore;
And when he heard him swear and vow to God,
He came but to be Duke of Lancaster,
To sue his livery[10] and beg his peace,
With tears of innocency and terms of zeal,[11]—
My father, in kind heart and pity moved,
Swore him assistance, and perform'd it too.

---

[1] quality: party. [2] defend: forfend: forbid. [3] true rule: rightful government. [4] charge: mission. [5] griefs: grievances. [6] suggestion: instigation. [7] not six-and-twenty strong: supported by not even twenty-six followers. [8] Sick . . . regard: lowly regarded by the world. [9] unminded: unregarded. [10] sue . . . livery: lay claim to his estates. [11] zeal: ardent affection and loyalty.

Now, when the lords and barons of the realm
Perceived Northumberland did lean to him,
The more and less[1] came in with cap and knee;[2]
Met him in boroughs, cities, villages,
Attended him[3] on bridges, stood in lanes,
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,
Gave him their heirs as pages,[4] follow'd him
Even at the heels in golden[5] multitudes.
He presently,—as greatness knows itself,[6]—
Steps me a little higher than his vow
Made to my father, while his blood was poor,
Upon the naked shore at Ravenspurg;
And now, forsooth, takes on him[7] to reform
Some certain edicts and some strait[8] decrees
That lie too heavy on the commonwealth;
Cries out upon[9] abuses, seems to weep
Over his country's wrongs; and, by this face,
This seeming brow[10] of justice, did he win
The hearts of all that he did angle for:
Proceeded further; cut me off the heads
Of all the favourites, that the absent king[11]
In deputation left behind him here
When he was personal [12] in the Irish war.

SIR WALTER BLUNT.

Tut, I came not to hear this.

HOTSPUR.

Then to the point.
In short time after, he deposed the king;
Soon after that, deprived him of his life;
And, in the neck of[13] that, taskt[14] the whole state:
To make that worse, suffer'd his kinsman March,—
Who is, if every owner were well placed,

---

[1] The more and less: both great and small. [2] with cap and knee: vowing homage. [3] Attended him: waited for him. [4] pages: court attendants. [5] golden: wearing their finest clothes. [6] as greatness . . . itself: as he began to realize his great power. [7] on him: on himself. [8] strait: strict. [9] Cries out upon: denounces. [10] This seeming brow: this disguise. [11] absent king: Richard II. [12] personal: personally involved. [13] the neck of: immediately after. [14] taskt: taxed.

Indeed his king,—to be engaged [1] in Wales,
There without ransom to lie forfeited;
Disgraced me in my happy[2] victories,
Sought to entrap me by intelligence;[3]
Rated [4] my uncle from the council-board;
In rage dismiss'd my father from the court;
Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong;
And, in conclusion, drove us to seek out
This head of safety,[5] and withal to pry
Into his title, the which we find
Too indirect[6] for long continuance.

SIR WALTER BLUNT.

Shall I return this answer to the king?

[redacted]

Not so, Sir Walter: we'll withdraw awhile.
Go to the king; and let there be impawn'd [7]
Some surety for a safe return again,
And in the morning early shall mine uncle
Bring him our purposes: and so, farewell.

SIR WALTER BLUNT.

I would you would accept of grace[8] and love.

HOTSPUR.

And may be so we shall.

SIR WALTER BLUNT.

Pray God you do. [*Exeunt.*

---

[1] engaged: held as hostage. [2] happy: fortunate. [3] by intelligence: through espionage (spies). [4] Rated: berated; drove away. [5] head of safety: army for protection. [6] indirect: irregular; crooked. [7] impawn'd: pledged (left as hostage). [8] grace: forgiveness.

Scene IV.

York. The ARCHBISHOP'S *palace.*

Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK *and* SIR MICHAEL.

ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.

Hie,[1] good Sir Michael; bear this sealed brief [2]
With winged haste to the lord marshal;[3]
This to my cousin Scroop; and all the rest
To whom they are directed. If you knew
How much they do import, you would make haste.

SIR MICHAEL.

My good lord,
I guess their tenour.[4]

ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.

Like enough you do.
To-morrow, good Sir Michael, is a day
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men
Must bide the touch;[5] for, sir, at Shrewsbury,
As I am truly given to understand,
The king, with mighty and quick-raised power,
Meets with Lord Harry: and, I fear, Sir Michael,
What with the sickness of Northumberland,
Whose power was in the first proportion,
And what with Owen Glendower's absence thence,
Who with them was a rated sinew[6] too,
And comes not in, o'er-ruled [7] by prophecies,—
I fear the power of Percy is too weak
To wage an instant trial with the king.

SIR MICHAEL.

Why, my good lord, you need not fear;
There is Douglas and Lord Mortimer.

ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.

No, Mortimer is not there.

---

[1] Hie: hurry. [2] brief: letter. [3] lord marshal: Thomas Mowbray, son of Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, exiled by Richard II. [4] tenour: import. [5] bide the touch: be put to the test. [6] a rated sinew: a strength on which they relied. [7] o'er-ruled: swayed.

SIR MICHAEL.

But there is Mordake, Vernon, Lord Harry Percy,
And there is my Lord of Worcester; and a head
Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.

ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.

And so there is: but yet the king hath drawn
The special head of all the land together;—
The Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster,
The noble Westmoreland, and warlike Blunt;
And many moe[1] corrivals[2] and dear[3] men
Of estimation and command in arms.

SIR MICHAEL.

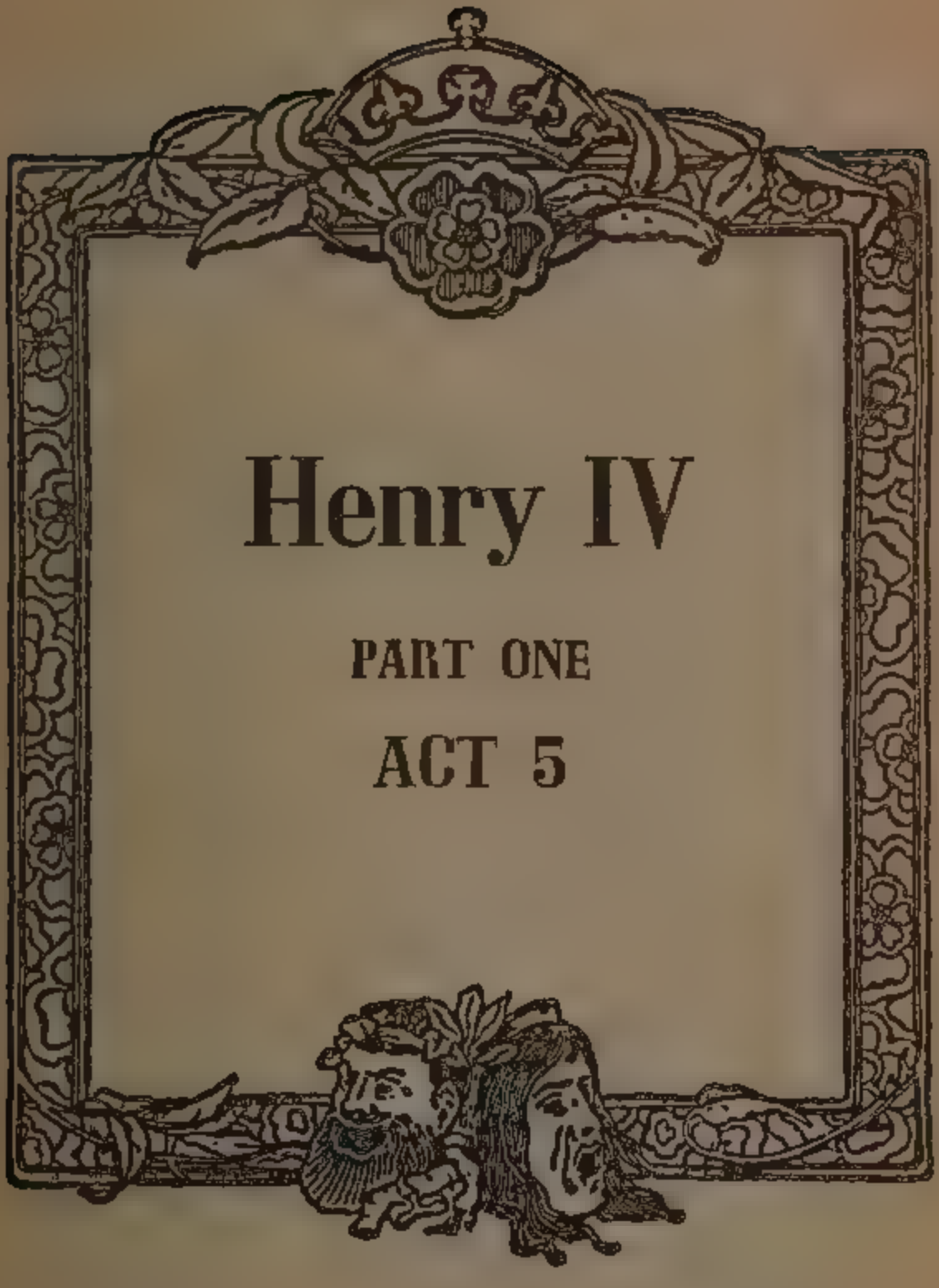
Doubt not, my lord, they shall be well opposed.

ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.

I hope no less, yet needful 'tis to fear;[4]
And, to prevent the worst, Sir Michael, speed:
For if Lord Percy thrive[5] not, ere the king
Dismiss his power, he means to visit us,
For he hath heard of our confederacy,[6]—
And 'tis but wisdom to make strong against him:
Therefore make haste. I must go write again
To other friends; and so, farewell, Sir Michael. [*Exeunt.*

---

[1] moe: more.
[2] corrivals: companions.
[3] dear: worthy; valued.
[4] yet needful . . . fear: yet it is wise to be fearful.
[5] thrive: succeed.
[6] confederacy: conspiracy.



Henry IV

PART ONE

ACT 5

ACT V

THE DIPLOMATIC PARLEYS, introduced at the end of the last act, continue in this. Their importance lies chiefly in dramatizing the shortcomings of Henry's policy. For if the failure of the rebel enterprise now prompts them to avoid a war they cannot win, it is the mark of Henry's political bankruptcy—the poverty of his word, Worcester charges—that he cannot establish the peace that is his royal responsibility. If the battle is made inevitable by such men as these, it is left to be resolved by Hal and Hotspur, the men of action who now take the center of the stage. Their encounter is not merely a contest of men, but of ideas also. Inheriting the failures of their elders, each has evolved a code of honor to restore himself: Hotspur's lies in the personal possession of worldly titles which he pursues with passionate, even irrational willfulness; Hal's lies in a selfless conception of public responsibility undertaken with a careful and lucid self-control that assures its fulfillment. Seen in terms of the ideas involved in the defeat of the former and the victory of the latter, the significance of the various battle scenes in this act becomes clearer. The encounter between Douglas and Blunt reflects chiefly on Henry's willingness to use his authority, and the loyalty it inspires, for selfish reasons of personal safety. Then Falstaff reflects on the dubious honor such an authority lends those subjects who are deluded rather than dignified by it. True authority is, rather, illustrated in the selfless dedication of Hal, whose courageous actions before his encounter with Hotspur and whose generous but sensible eulogies over his defeated adversary, as well as the "dead" Falstaff, bespeak a genuine honor, both inspiring in its promise and tangible in its effect.

ACT V. Scene I.

The KING'S *camp near Shrewsbury.*

Enter the KING, PRINCE OF WALES, LORD JOHN OF LANCASTER, SIR WALTER BLUNT, *and* FALSTAFF.

KING HENRY.

How bloodily the sun begins to peer
Above yon busky[1] hill! the day looks pale
At his[2] distemperature[3]

PRINCE HENRY.

The southern wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes;[4]
And by his hollow whistling in the leaves
Foretells a tempest and a blustering day.

---

[1] busky: bosky; wooded.
[2] his: the sun's.
[3] distemperature: ill-humor; sickness.
[4] play . . . purposes: plays the part of trumpeter (herald) to what the sun's unusual appearance portends.

KING HENRY.

Then with the losers let it sympathise,[1]
For nothing can seem foul [2] to those that win.

[*The trumpet sounds.*

Enter WORCESTER *and* VERNON.

How now, my Lord of Worcester! 'tis not well
That you and I should meet upon such terms
As now we meet. You have deceived our trust;
And made us doff our easy robes of peace,
To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel:[3]
This is not well, my lord, this is not well.
What say you to it? will you again unknit
This churlish[4] knot of all-abhorred war?
And move in that obedient orb[5] again
Where you did give a fair and natural light;
And be no more an exhaled [6] meteor,
A prodigy of fear,[7] and a portent
Of broached [8] mischief to the unborn times?

EARL OF WORCESTER.

Hear me, my liege:
For mine own part, I could be well content
To entertain[9] the lag-end [10] of my life
With quiet hours; for, I do protest,
I have not sought the day of this dislike.

KING HENRY.

You have not sought it! how comes it, then?

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

PRINCE HENRY.

Peace, chewet,[11] peace!

---

[1] sympathise: harmonize; be in accord. [2] foul: bad. [3] ungentle steel: body armor. [4] churlish: hard; unyielding. [5] obedient orb: rightful orbit. [6] exhaled: drawn forth (by the sun). [7] prodigy of fear: fearful omen of disaster. [8] broached: set loose; begun. [9] entertain: occupy. [10] lag-end: last years. [11] chewet: chough; chatterer.

EARL OF WORCESTER.

It pleased your majesty to turn your looks
Of favour from myself and all our house;
And yet I must remember[1] you, my lord,
We were the first and dearest of your friends.
For you my staff of office did I break
In Richard's time; and posted[2] day and night
To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand,
When yet you were in place and in account
Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.
It was myself, my brother, and his son,
That brought you home, and boldly did outdare
The dangers of the time. You swore to us,
And you did swear that oath at Doncaster,
That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the state;
Nor claim no further than your new-fall'n[3] right,
The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster:
To this we swore our aid. But in short space
It rain'd down fortune showering on your head;
And such a flood of greatness fell on you,—
What with our help, what with the absent king,
What with the injuries[4] of a wanton[5] time,
The seeming sufferances[6] that you had borne,
And the contrarious[7] winds that held the king
So long in his unlucky Irish wars
That all in England did repute him dead,—
And from this swarm of fair advantages
You took occasion to be quickly woo'd
To gripe[8] the general sway[9] into your hand;

---

[1] remember: remind. [2] posted: rode in haste. [3] new-fall'n: newly inherited. [4] injuries: wrongs. [5] wanton: wild; unruly. [6] sufferances: sufferings; hardships. [7] contrarious: adverse. [8] gripe: grasp. [9] the general sway: complete rule.

Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster;
And, being fed by us, you used us so
As that ungentle gull,[1] the cuckoo's bird,
Useth the sparrow,—did oppress our nest;
Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk,
That even our love[2] durst not come near your sight
For fear of swallowing;[3] but with nimble wing
We were enforced,[4] for safety sake, to fly
Out of your sight, and raise this present head:
Whereby we stand opposed by such means
As you yourself have forged against yourself,
By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,[5]
And violation of all faith and troth[6]
Sworn to us in your younger enterprise.

[redacted]

These things, indeed, you have articulate,[7]
Proclaim'd at market-crosses,[8] read in churches,
To face[9] the garment of rebellion
With some fine colour that may please the eye
Of fickle changelings[10] and poor discontents,
Which gape and rub the elbow at the news
Of hurlyburly innovation:[11]
And never yet did insurrection want[12]
Such water-colours[13] to impaint his cause;
Nor moody beggars, starving for a time
Of pellmell havoc and confusion.

[redacted]

In both our armies there is many a soul
Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,
If once they join in trial.[14] Tell your nephew,
The Prince of Wales doth join with all the world

---

[1] gull: unfledged nestling. [2] our love: we who loved you. [3] of swallowing: being swallowed up. [4] enforced: forced. [5] dangerous countenance: threatening looks. [6] troth: avowed promise. [7] articulate: enumerated. [8] market-crosses: village squares. [9] face: trim. [10] changelings: turncoats. [11] innovation: revolution. [12] want: lack. [13] water-colours: flimsy excuses. [14] join in trial: meet in battle.

In praise of Henry Percy: by my hopes,
This present enterprise set off his head,[1]
I do not think a braver gentleman,
More active-valiant or more valiant-young,
More daring or more bold, is now alive
To grace this latter age with noble deeds.
For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
I have a truant been to chivalry;[2]
And so I hear he doth account me too:
Yet this before[3] my father's majesty,—
I am content that he shall take the odds
Of his great name and estimation,
And will, to save the blood on either side,
Try fortune with him in a single fight.

And, Prince of Wales, so dare we venture thee,
Albeit considerations infinite
Do make against it.—No, good Worcester, no,
We love our people well; even those we love
That are misled upon your cousin's part;[4]
And, will they take the offer of our grace,
Both he, and they, and you, yea, every man
Shall be my friend again, and I'll be his:
So tell your cousin, and bring me word
What he will do: but if he will not yield,
Rebuke and dread correction wait on us,[5]
And they shall do their office.[6] So, be gone;
We will not now be troubled with reply:
We offer fair; take it advisedly.[7]

[*Exeunt* WORCESTER *and* VERNON.

PRINCE HENRY.

It will not be accepted, on my life:

---

[1] **set off his head:** not taken into account. [2] **chivalry:** the duties of knighthood. [3] **before:** I swear on. [4] **misled . . . part:** misled into taking your cousin's side. [5] **wait on us:** are in my service. [6] **office:** duty. [7] **take it advisedly:** give my offer careful consideration.

The Douglas and the Hotspur both together
Are confident against the world in arms.

KING HENRY.

Hence, therefore, every leader to his charge;
For, on their answer, will we set on them:
And God befriend us, as our cause is just!

[*Exeunt* KING, BLUNT, *and* PRINCE JOHN.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

Hal, if thou see me down in the battle, and bestride me,[1] so; 'tis a point of friendship.

PRINCE HENRY.

Nothing but a colossus[2] can do thee that friendship. Say thy prayers, and farewell.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

I would 'twere bedtime, Hal, and all well.

PRINCE HENRY.

Why, thou owest God a death. [*Exit.*

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

'Tis not due yet; I would be loth to pay him before his day. What need I be so forward with him that calls not on me? Well, 'tis no matter; honour pricks me on. Yea, but how if honour prick me off[3] when I come on? how then? Can honour set to[4] a leg? no: or an arm? no: or take away the grief[5] of a wound? no. Honour hath no skill in surgery, then? no. What is honour? a word. What is that word honour? air. A trim reckoning![6]—Who hath it? he that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? no. Doth he hear it? no. 'Tis insensible, then? yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? no. Why? detraction[7] will not suffer it. Therefore I'll none of it: honour is a mere scutcheon:[8]—and so ends my catechism. [*Exit.*

---

[1] **bestride me:** defend me (by standing over me). [2] **colossus:** a giant of a man (from the Colossus of Rhodes, a statue of Apollo about 120 ft. high). [3] **prick me off:** mark my name on the casualty list. [4] **set to:** mend. [5] **grief:** pain. [6] **trim reckoning:** fine accounting. [7] **detraction:** slander. [8] **scutcheon:** escutcheon; a shield on which coats of arms or armorial bearings are displayed.

Scene II.

The rebel camp.

Enter WORCESTER *and* VERNON.

[redacted]

O, no, my nephew must not know Sir Richard,
The liberal [1] and kind offer of the king.

SIR RICHARD VERNON.

'Twere best he did.

EARL OF WORCESTER.

Then are we all undone.
It is not possible, it cannot be,
The king should keep his word in loving[2] us;
He will suspect us still, and find a time
To punish this offence in other faults:
Suspicion all our lives shall be stuck full of eyes;[3]
For treason is but trusted like the fox,
Who, ne'er so tame, so cherisht, and lockt up,
Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.
Look how we can, or sad or[4] merrily,
Interpretation will misquote our looks;[5]
And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,
The better cherisht, still the nearer death.
My nephew's trespass may be well forgot.—
It hath the excuse of youth and heat of blood;
And an adopted name of privilege,[6]—
A hare-brain'd Hotspur, govern'd by a spleen:[7]
All his offences live upon my head
And on his father's: we did train[8] him on;
And, his corruption being ta'en from us,
We, as the spring[9] of all, shall pay for all.

---

[1] liberal: generous. [2] loving: forgiving. [3] Suspicion . . . eyes: that is, we shall be watched with suspicion for the rest of our lives. [4] or . . . or: either . . . or. [5] Interpretation . . . looks: men will misinterpret our actions. [6] an adopted name of privilege: i.e., his nickname, Hotspur. [7] a spleen: hot temper. [8] train: entice. [9] spring: source.

Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know,
In any case, the offer of the king.

SIR RICHARD VERNON.

Deliver[1] what you will, I'll say 'tis so.
Here comes your cousin.

Enter HOTSPUR *and* DOUGLAS; OFFICERS *and* SOLDIERS *behind.*

HOTSPUR.

My uncle is return'd:—
Deliver up my Lord of Westmoreland.[2]—
Uncle, what news?

EARL OF WORCESTER.

The king will bid you[3] battle presently.[4]

EARL OF DOUGLAS.

Defy him by the Lord of Westmoreland.

HOTSPUR.

Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so.

EARL OF DOUGLAS.

Marry, and shall, and very willingly. [*Exit.*

EARL OF WORCESTER.

There is no seeming mercy in the king.

HOTSPUR.

Did you beg any? God forbid!

EARL OF WORCESTER.

I told him gently of our grievances,
Of his oath-breaking; which he mended[5] thus,
By now forswearing that he is forsworn.[6]
He calls us rebels, traitors; and will scourge
With haughty arms this hateful name[7] in us.

Enter DOUGLAS.

EARL OF DOUGLAS.

Arm, gentlemen; to arms! for I have thrown
A brave defiance in King Henry's teeth,

---

[1] Deliver: report. [2] Westmoreland: Westmoreland had been held as hostage for the safe return of Worcester. [3] bid you: offer you. [4] presently: immediately. [5] mended: atoned for. [6] forswearing . . . forsworn: denying that he has broken his sworn promise. [7] hateful name: that is, the name of traitors.

And Westmoreland, that was engaged,[1] did bear it;
Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on.

EARL OF WORCESTER.

The Prince of Wales stept forth before the king,
And, nephew, challenged you to single fight.

[illegible]

O, would the quarrel lay upon our heads;
And that no man might draw short breath[2] to-day
But I and Harry Monmouth! [3] Tell me, tell me,
How show'd his tasking? [4] seem'd it in contempt?

SIR RICHARD VERNON.

No, by my soul; I never in my life
Did hear a challenge urged [5] more modestly,
Unless a brother should a brother dare
To gentle exercise and proof of arms.
He gave you all the duties of a man;[6]
Trimm'd up your praises with a princely tongue;
Spoke your deservings like a chronicle;
Making you ever better than his praise,
By still dispraising praise valued with you:[7]
And, which became him like a prince indeed,
He made a blushing cital of [8] himself;
And chid his truant youth with such a grace,
As if he master'd there a double spirit,
Of teaching and of learning instantly.
There did he pause: but let me tell the world,—
If he outlive the envy[9] of this day,
England did never owe[10] so sweet a hope,
So much misconstrued [11] in his wantonness.

HOTSPUR.

Cousin, I think thou art enamoured
On[12] his follies: never did I hear
Of any prince so wild a libertine.

---

[1] engaged: pledged (as hostage). [2] draw short breath: pant (in fighting). [3] Harry Monmouth: Prince Hal, who was born at Monmouth. [4] tasking: challenge. [5] urged: put forth. [6] gave . . . man: credited you with all the manly virtues. [7] dispraising . . . you: blaming praise as being unworthy of you. [8] cital of: reference to. [9] envy: hostility. [10] owe: own. [11] misconstrued: misunderstood. [12] On: of.

But be he as he will, yet once ere night
I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,
That he shall shrink under my courtesy.—
Arm, arm with speed:—and, fellows, soldiers, friends,
Better consider what you have to do
Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,
Can lift your blood up with persuasion.[1]

Enter a MESSENGER.

[illegible]
My lord, here are letters for you.

HOTSPUR.
I cannot read them now.—
O gentlemen, the time of life is short!
To spend that shortness basely were too long,
If life did ride upon a dial's point,[2]
Still[3] ending at the arrival of an hour.
An if we live, we live to tread on kings;
If die, brave[4] death, when princes die with us!
Now, for our consciences,—the arms are fair,
When the intent[5] of bearing them is just.

Enter another MESSENGER.

[illegible]
My lord, prepare; the king comes on apace.[6]

[illegible]
I thank him, that he cuts me from my tale,
For I profess not talking; only this,—
Let each man do his best: and here draw I
A sword, whose temper[7] I intend to stain
With the best blood that I can meet withal
In the adventure[8] of this perilous day.
Now,—*Esperance!* [9]—Percy!—and set on.—
Sound all the lofty instruments of war,[10]

---

[1] Better . . . persuasion: that is, you can do more than I, not an eloquent speaker, toward stirring up your patriotism by thinking of what is before you. [2] a dial's point: the hand of a clock. [3] Still: always. [4] brave: glorious. [5] intent: cause. [6] apace: speedily. [7] temper: tempered steel; quality. [8] adventure: hazard. [9] *Esperance:* the Percy motto and battle cry. [10] lofty . . . war: trumpets and drums.

And by that music let us all embrace;
For, heaven to earth, some of us never shall
A second time do such a courtesy.

[The trumpets sound. They embrace, and exeunt.

Scene III.

Plain between the camps.

The King *enters with his Power. Alarum*[1] *to the battle. Then enter* Douglas *and* Sir Walter Blunt.

SIR WALTER BLUNT.

What is thy name, that in the battle thus
Thou crossest me? what honour dost thou seek
Upon my head?

EARL OF DOUGLAS.

Know, then, my name is Douglas;
And I do haunt thee in the battle thus
Because some tell me that thou art a king.

SIR WALTER BLUNT.

They tell thee true.

EARL OF DOUGLAS.

The Lord of Stafford dear to-day hath bought
Thy likeness; for, instead of thee, King Harry,[2]
This sword hath ended him: so shall it thee,
Unless thou yield thee as my prisoner.

SIR WALTER BLUNT.

I was not born a yielder, thou proud Scot;
And thou shalt find a king that will revenge
Lord Stafford's death.

---

[1] *Alarum:* trumpet call.

[2] **thee, King Harry:** Blunt (Blount) is wearing the king's coat of arms.

[*They fight,* DOUGLAS *kills* BLUNT.

Enter HOTSPUR.

[redacted]

O Douglas, hadst thou fought at Holmedon thus,
I never had triumpht upon a Scot.

EARL OF DOUGLAS.

All's done, all's won; here breathless lies the king.

[redacted]

Where?

EARL OF DOUGLAS.

Here.

HOTSPUR.

This, Douglas? no; I know this face full well:
A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt;
Semblably furnisht like[1] the king himself.

EARL OF DOUGLAS.

A fool [2] go with thy soul, whither it goes!
A borrow'd title hast thou bought too dear:[3]
Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a king?

[redacted]

The king hath many masking in his coats.[4]

EARL OF DOUGLAS.

Now, by my sword, I will kill all his coats;
I'll murder all his wardrobe piece by piece,
Until I meet the king.

[redacted]

Up, and away!
Our soldiers stand full fairly[5] for the day. [*Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter FALSTAFF *solus.*

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

Though I could scape shot-free[6] at London, I fear the shot here; here's no scoring[7] but upon the pate.—Soft![8] who are

---

[1] **Semblably furnisht like:** equipped with armor to resemble. [2] **A fool:** the name of "fool." [3] **too dear:** at too dear (great) a cost. [4] **masking . . . coats:** masquerading in his coats of arms. [5] **stand full fairly:** have a good chance of winning. [6] **shot-free:** scot-free (without having to pay). [7] **scoring:** marking up a tavern account. [8] **Soft:** go easy.

you? Sir Walter Blunt:—there's honour for you! here's no vanity![1]—I am as hot as molten lead, and as heavy too: God keep lead out of me! I need no more weight than mine own bowels.—I have led my ragamuffins where they are pepper'd:[2] there's but three of my hundred and fifty left alive; and they are for the town's end,[3]—to beg during life.—But who comes here?

Enter PRINCE HENRY.

[illegible].

What, stand'st thou idle here? lend me thy sword:
Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,
Whose deaths are yet unrevenged:
I prithee, lend me thy sword.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

O Hal, I prithee, give me leave to breathe awhile.—Turk Gregory[4] never did such deeds in arms as I have done this day. I have paid[5] Percy, I have made him sure.[6]

[illegible].

He is, indeed; and living to kill thee. I prithee, lend me thy sword.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

Nay, before God, Hal, if Percy be alive, thou gett'st not my sword; but take my pistol, if thou wilt.

PRINCE HENRY.

Give it me: what, is it in the case?

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

Ay, Hal. 'Tis hot, 'tis hot: there's that will sack a city.

[*The* PRINCE *draws it out, and finds it to be a bottle of sack.*

---

[1] **no vanity:** no such vanity. [2] **pepper'd:** done for. [3] **town's end:** that is, where beggars congregate. [4] **Turk Gregory:** Pope Gregory VII, famous, as a friar, for his military prowess; *Turk:* a synonym for fierceness. [5] **paid:** killed. [6] **sure:** harmless.

PRINCE HENRY.

What, is it a time to jest and dally now?

[*He throws the bottle at him. Exit.*

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

Well, if Percy be alive, I'll pierce[1] him. If he do come in my way, so; if he do not, if I come in his willingly, let him make a carbonado[2] of me. I like not such grinning honour[3] as Sir Walter hath: give me life; which if I can save, so; if not, honour comes unlookt for, and there's an end. [*Exit.*

Scene IV.

Another part of the field.

Alarum. Excursions.[4] *Enter* KING, *the* PRINCE, LORD JOHN OF LANCASTER, *and* WESTMORELAND.

KING HENRY.

I prithee,
Harry, withdraw thyself; thou bleed'st too much.—
Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.

PRINCE JOHN.

Not I, my lord, unless I did bleed too.

PRINCE HENRY.

I beseech your majesty, make up,[5]
Lest your retirement do amaze[6] your friends.

KING HENRY.

I will do so.—
My Lord of Westmoreland, lead him to his tent.

EARL OF WESTMORELAND.

Come, my lord, I will lead you to your tent.

---

[1] **pierce:** the *ie* was pronounced like the *e* in Percy. [2] **carbonado:** a piece of meat scored for broiling. [3] **such grinning honour:** a person who meets death with a smile for the sake of honor. [4] ***Excursions:*** noises to indicate battle movements. [5] **make up:** go forward; advance. [6] **amaze:** bewilder; alarm.

PRINCE HENRY.

Lead me, my lord? I do not need your help:
And God forbid, a shallow scratch should drive
The Prince of Wales from such a field as this,
Where stain'd nobility lies trodden on,
And rebels' arms triumph in massacres!

PRINCE JOHN.

We breathe[1] too long:—come, cousin Westmoreland,
Our duty this way lies; for God's sake, come.

[*Exeunt* PRINCE JOHN *and* WESTMORELAND.

PRINCE HENRY.

By God, thou hast deceived me, Lancaster;
I did not think thee lord of such a spirit:
Before, I loved thee as a brother, John;
But now, I do respect thee as my soul.

KING HENRY.

I saw him hold Lord Percy at the point[2]
With lustier maintenance[3] than I did look for
Of such an ungrown[4] warrior.

PRINCE HENRY.

O, this boy
Lends mettle[5] to us all! [*Exit.*

Enter DOUGLAS.

EARL OF DOUGLAS.

Another king! they grow like Hydra's heads:[6]
I am the Douglas, fatal to all those
That wear those colours on them:—what art thou,
That counterfeit'st the person of a king?

KING HENRY.

The king himself; who, Douglas, grieves at heart,
So many of his shadows[7] thou hast met,

---

[1] **breathe:** delay; rest. [2] **hold . . . point:** parry Hotspur's sword thrusts. [3] **With lustier maintenance:** more vigorously. [4] **ungrown:** young; inexperienced. [5] **mettle:** spirit. [6] **Hydra's heads:** an allusion to the many-headed monster of Greek mythology which grew two heads each time one head was cut off. [7] **shadows:** imitators.

And not the very king. I have two boys
Seek Percy and thyself about the field:
But, seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,
I will assay thee:[1] so, defend thyself.

EARL OF DOUGLAS.

I fear thou art another counterfeit;
And yet, in faith, thou bear'st thee like a king:
But mine I am sure thou art, whoe'er thou be,
And thus I win thee.

[*They fight; the* KING *being in danger, enter*

PRINCE HENRY.

Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou art like[2]
Never to hold it up again! the spirits
Of valiant Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my arms:
It is the Prince of Wales that threatens thee;
Who never promiseth but he means to pay.

[*They fight;* DOUGLAS *flies.*

Cheerly,[3] my lord: how fares your Grace?—
Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for succour sent,
And so hath Clifton: I'll to Clifton straight.[4]

KING HENRY.

Stay, and breathe awhile:—
Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion;[5]
And show'd thou makest some tender of[6] my life,
In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me.

PRINCE HENRY.

O God, they did me too much injury
That ever said I hearken'd for[7] your death!
If it were so, I might have let alone
The insulting[8] hand of Douglas over you,
Which would have been as speedy in your end

---

[1] assay thee: literally, test you; challenge you. [2] like: likely. [3] Cheerly: a cry of encouragement; take heart. [4] straight: right away. [5] opinion: reputation. [6] makest some tender of: have some regard for. [7] hearken'd for: longed to hear of; desired. [8] insulting: attacking.

As all the poisonous potions in the world,
And saved the treacherous labour of your son.

KING HENRY.

Make up to Clifton:[1] I'll to Sir Nicholas Gawsey. [*Exit.*

Enter HOTSPUR.

HOTSPUR.

If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

PRINCE HENRY.

Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name.

HOTSPUR.

My name is Harry Percy.

PRINCE HENRY.

Why, then I see
A very valiant rebel of the name.
I am the Prince of Wales; and think not, Percy,
To share with me in glory any more:
Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere;[2]
Nor can one England brook[3] a double reign,
Of Harry Percy and the Prince of Wales.

HOTSPUR.

Nor shall it, Harry, for the hour is come
To end the one of us; and would to God
Thy name in arms[4] were now as great as mine!

PRINCE HENRY.

I'll make it greater ere I part from thee;
And all the budding honours on thy crest[5]
I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.

HOTSPUR.

I can no longer brook thy vanities.[6] [*They fight.*

Enter FALSTAFF.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

Well said,[7] Hall to it, Hal!—Nay, you shall find no boy's play

---

[1] **Make . . . Clifton:** go to Clifton's aid. [2] **Two stars . . . sphere:** in Ptolemaic astronomy, each planet was fixed in its own orbit (sphere). [3] **brook:** endure. [4] **Thy name in arms:** i.e., your reputation as a swordsman. [5] **crest:** helmet. [6] **vanities:** vainglorious statements. [7] **Well said:** well done.

here, I can tell you.

Enter DOUGLAS; *he fights with* FALSTAFF, *who falls down as if he were dead, and exit* DOUGLAS. *The* PRINCE *killeth* PERCY.

HOTSPUR.

O Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my youth!
I better brook the loss of brittle life
Than those proud titles thou hast won of me;
They wound my thoughts worse than thy sword my flesh:—
But thought's the slave of life, and life time's fool;
And time, that takes survey of all the world,
Must have a stop.[1] O, I could prophesy,
But that the earthy and cold hand of death
Lies on my tongue:—no, Percy, thou art dust,
And food for— [*Dies.*

PRINCE HENRY.

For worms, brave Percy: fare thee well, great heart!—
Ill-weaved ambition, how much art thou shrunk!
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound;[2]
But now two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough:—this earth that bears thee dead
Bears not alive so stout[3] a gentleman.
If thou wert sensible of[4] courtesy,
I should not make so dear a show of zeal:—[5]
But let my favours[6] hide thy mangled face;
And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself
For doing these fair rites of tenderness.
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven!
Thy ignomy[7] sleep with thee in the grave,

---

[1] those proud titles . . . stop: "The glory of the Prince wounds his (Percy's) *thoughts;* but *thought,* being dependent on Life, must cease with it, and will soon be at an end . . ."—Johnson; *fool:* toy. [2] bound: boundary. [3] stout: brave. [4] sensible of: able to feel. [5] so dear . . . zeal: such an affectionate display of respect. [6] favours: ribbons worn by a knight as a favor from "his lady." [7] ignomy: archaic form of ignominy.

But not remember'd in thy epitaph!—

[*He spieth* FALSTAFF *on the ground.*

What, old acquaintance! could not all this flesh
Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell!
I could have better spared a better man:
O, I should have a heavy[1] miss of thee,
If I were much in love with vanity! [2]
Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day,
Though many dearer, in this bloody fray.
Embowell'd [3] will I see thee by and by:
Till then in blood by noble Percy lie. [*Exit.*

[FALSTAFF *riseth up.*

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

Embowell'd! if thou embowel me to-day, I'll give you leave to powder[4] me and eat me too to-morrow. 'Sblood,[5] 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant [6] Scot had paid me scot and lot [7] too. Counterfeit? I lie, I am no counterfeit: to die, is to be a counterfeit; for he is but the counterfeit of a man who hath not the life of a man: but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is discretion; in the which better part I have saved my life. Zounds,[8] I am afraid of this gunpowder[9] Percy, though he be dead: how, if he should counterfeit too, and rise? by my faith, I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I'll make him sure; yea, and I'll swear I kill'd him. Why may not he rise as well as I? Nothing confutes me but eyes,[10] and nobody sees me. Therefore, sirrah [*stabbing him*], with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

[*He takes up* HOTSPUR *on his back.*

---

[1] heavy: sad (a pun on Falstaff's great weight). [2] vanity: light pursuits; frivolity. [3] Embowell'd: the act of disemboweling the slain *deer.* [4] powder: salt. [5] 'Sblood: by God's blood. [6] termagant: violent. [7] scot and lot: taxes, paid according to one's resources; completely. [8] Zounds: God's wounds. [9] gunpowder: i.e., Hotspur; quick-on-the-trigger. [10] eyes: witnesses.

Enter the PRINCE OF WALES *and* LORD JOHN OF LANCASTER.

PRINCE HENRY.

Come, brother John; full bravely hast thou flesht [1]
Thy maiden sword.

LORD JOHN OF LANCASTER.

But, soft! whom have we here?
Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?

PRINCE HENRY.

I did; I saw him dead,
Breathless and bleeding on the ground.—
Art thou alive? or is it fantasy[2]
That plays upon our eyesight? I prithee, speak;
We will not trust our eyes without our ears:—
Thou art not what thou seem'st.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

No, that's certain; I am not a double man:[3] but if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am I a Jack.[4] There is Percy [*throwing the body down*]: if your father will do me any honour, so; if not, let him kill the next Percy himself. I look to be either earl or duke, I can assure you.

PRINCE HENRY.

Why, Percy I kill'd myself, and saw thee dead.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

Didst thou?—Lord, Lord, how this world is given to lying! —I grant you I was down and out of breath; and so was he: but we rose both at an instant, and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. If I may be believed, so; if not, let them that should reward valour bear the sin upon their own heads. I'll take it upon my death, I gave him this wound in the

---

[1] flesht: stained with first blood; initiated.
[2] fantasy: imagination.
[3] a double man: a phantom; also, Falstaff may appear to have two heads because he is carrying Hotspur on his shoulders.
[4] Jack: knave.

thigh: if the man were alive, and would deny it, zounds, I would make him eat a piece of my sword.

LORD JOHN OF LANCASTER.

This is the strangest tale that e'er I heard.

[redacted]

This is the strangest fellow, brother John.—
Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back:
For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,[1]
I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.

[*A retreat is sounded.*

The trumpet sounds retreat; the day is ours.
Come, brother, let's to the highest of the field,
To see what friends are living, who are dead.

[*Exeunt* PRINCES.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

I'll follow, as they say, for reward. He that rewards me, God reward him! If I do grow great, I'll grow less; for I'll purge,[2] and leave sack,[3] and live cleanly as a nobleman should do.

[*Exit, bearing off the body.*

Scene V.

Another part of the field.

The trumpets sound. Enter the KING, PRINCE OF WALES, LORD JOHN OF LANCASTER, WESTMORELAND, *and others, with* WORCESTER *and* VERNON *prisoners.*

KING HENRY.

Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke.[4]—
Ill-spirited[5] Worcester! did we not send grace,
Pardon, and terms of love to all of you?
And wouldst thou turn our offers contrary?

---

[1] do thee grace: bring you favor; be of service to you.
[2] purge: repent; purge myself of my sins.
[3] leave sack: leave off drinking.
[4] rebuke: rebuff.
[5] Ill-spirited: evil-spirited.

Misuse the tenour of thy kinsman's[1] trust?
Three knights upon our party[2] slain to-day,
A noble earl, and many a creature else,
Had been alive this hour,
If, like a Christian, thou hadst truly borne
Betwixt our armies true intelligence.[3]

EARL OF WORCESTER.

What I have done my safety urged me to;
And I embrace this fortune patiently,[4]
Since not to be avoided it falls on me.

KING HENRY.

Bear Worcester to the death, and Vernon too:
Other offenders we will pause upon.[5]—
[*Exeunt* WORCESTER *and* VERNON, *guarded.*
How goes the field?

PRINCE HENRY.

The noble Scot, Lord Douglas, when he saw
The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,
The noble Percy slain, and all his men
Upon the foot of fear,[6]—fled with the rest;
And falling from a hill, he was so bruised
That the pursuers took him. At my tent
The Douglas is; and I beseech your Grace
I may dispose of him.

KING HENRY.

With all my heart.

PRINCE HENRY.

Then, brother John of Lancaster, to you
This honourable bounty[7] shall belong:
Go to the Douglas, and deliver him

---

[1] thy kinsman's: Hotspur's. [2] upon our party: on our side. [3] intelligence: information. [4] patiently: with resignation. [5] pause upon: decide on later. [6] Upon the foot of fear: fleeing in fear. [7] bounty: act of beneficence.

Up to his pleasure, ransomless and free;
His valour, shown upon our crests to-day,
Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds
Even in the bosom of our adversaries.

LORD JOHN OF LANCASTER.

I thank your Grace for this high courtesy
Which I shall give away immediately.

KING HENRY.

Then this remains,—that we divide our power.—
You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland,
Towards York shall bend you with your dearest[1] speed,
To meet Northumberland and the prelate Scroop,
Who, as we hear, are busily in arms:
Myself,—and you, son Harry,—will towards Wales,
To fight with Glendower and the Earl of March.
Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,[2]
Meeting the check of such another day:
And since this business so fair is done,
Let us not leave[3] till all our own be won. [*Exeunt.*

[1] dearest: greatest; best.
[2] sway: dominion.
[3] leave: leave off; stop.

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William Shakespeare

TO THE READER

THIS FIGURE, THAT THOU HERE SEEST PUT,
IT WAS FOR GENTLE SHAKESPEARE CUT;
WHEREIN THE GRAVER HAD A STRIFE
WITH NATURE, TO OUT-DO THE LIFE:
O, COULD HE BUT HAVE DRAWN HIS WIT
AS WELL IN BRASS, AS HE HATH HIT
HIS FACE; THE PRINT WOULD THEN SURPASS
ALL, THAT WAS EVER WRIT IN BRASS.
BUT, SINCE HE CANNOT, READER, LOOK,
NOT ON HIS PICTURE, BUT HIS BOOK.

BEN: JONSON.

The Mediaeval view of man was generally not an exalted one. It saw him as more or less depraved, fallen from Grace as a result of Adam's sin; and the things of this world as of little value in terms of his salvation. Natural life was thought of mainly as a preparation for man's entry into Eternity. But Renaissance thought soon began to rehabilitate man and nature. Without denying man's need for Grace, men came gradually to accept the idea that there were "goods," values, "innocent delights" to be had in the world here and now. Man himself was seen no longer as wholly vile and depraved, incapable even of desiring goodness, but rather as Shakespeare saw him in *Hamlet*:

> *"What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason!*
> *how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how*
> *express and admirable! in action how like an angel!*
> *in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world!*
> *the paragon of animals!"*

It was, indeed, a very stirring time to be alive in. It was a t
like spring, when promise, opportunity, challenge, and growth
peared where none had been dreamed of before. Perhaps this is
there is so much poetry of springtime in the age of Shakespeare.

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